

# The Saturday Evening Post

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## TO WILL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY GRACE GAY.

All folded in a dream I lie,  
A sweet, a radiant dream of thee,  
While my dear friends, the sad-eyed stars,  
Smile softly, softly down on me.  
While the shadows of the bare-armed trees  
Lie like a richly fretted lace,  
And the clouds pursue and clasp the moon  
In their cold intangible embrace.

All silent step the frozen hours  
O'er lakes and isles that lie asleep,  
Naught else is moving save the wings  
Of midnight winds with mournful sweep;  
So restless they, and yet my heart  
More restless far than they can be,  
Flies out through wind and gloom and dark,  
In search, my dearest love, of thee.

All folded in a dream I lie,  
A dream whose every thought is thine;  
I dream of kisses on my brow,  
I dream of warm hands clasping mine.  
Of eyes so sad and yet so tender!  
And thus the chilly hours go by;  
And while the dusky shadows veil me,  
Folded in dreams of thee I lie.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

It was Nell's voice that spoke, but it was so faint and full of trembling that in an instant the thought flashed on me, "This man is a coward." He was close to the wall, whither he had retreated in his dread of Sir Brian, though there could have been no cause of fear, I thought, for with a groan that seemed to rend his soul, the latter fell back in his chair, and the weapon he had seized dropped beside him. I do not know the words that followed, or whether they were spoken by Sir Brian or Nell. I was listening to a noise close beside me. Some one was coming hurriedly up the way I had come, and the hurried steps and quick breathing showed that they were in haste or bore some weighty message. I thought at first that the person, whoever it might be, was about to force his way in through the little door at which I had entered; but in another instant I was convinced that it was not so, the quick steps passed by, and I almost lost their sound, when a double rap, given in a peculiar manner, sounded on the hall door leading into Sir Brian's room. In a moment, and almost before it had ceased to sound, it was opened. Old Donohue's voice spoke.

"I think there is a call for you in the turret, Sir Brian," he said. "Will you come over at once? It may be my own fancy, but I was mindful of your orders to come at once if I saw, or thought I saw, any change. I've lost a little time, for I first came by the way under the arch that leads into the parlor overhead, but I found the door fixed beyond my power to move it."

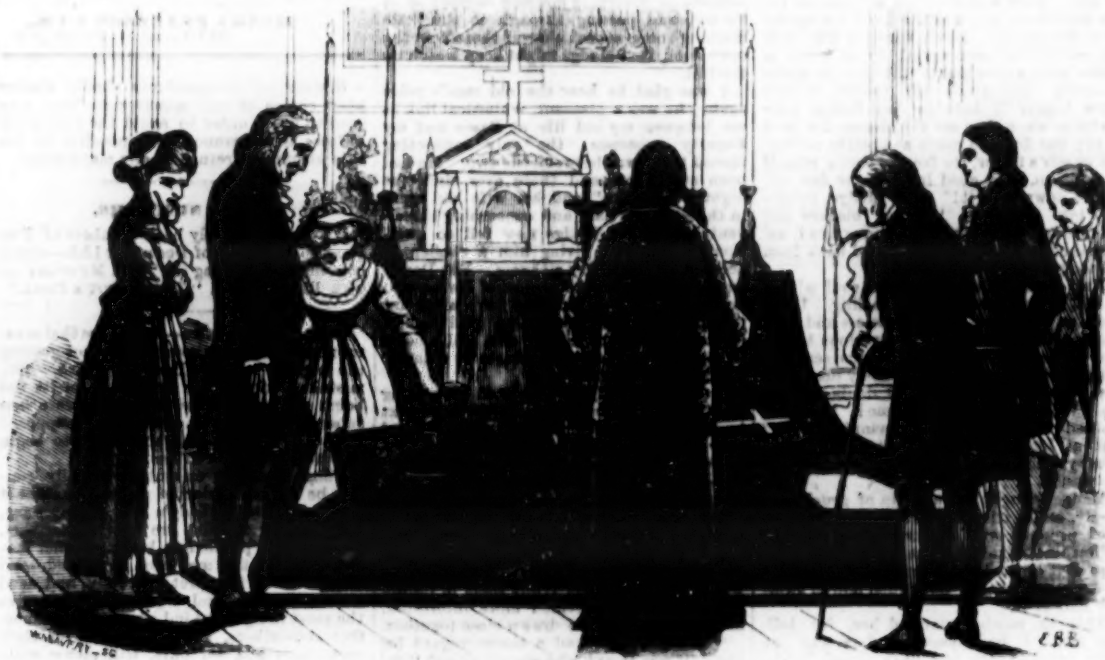
"I fastened it, as I have just told Sir Brian," Nell said, and his voice must have been the first intimation Donohue had of her presence. Either he stood in the shadow of the open door, or intent on his errand, the old man had not looked beyond Sir Brian, who from the sound of his speaking, stood directly before him. At any rate he paused, quite confounded, and when he opened his lips again it was with a very apparent restraint, as if he had good cause for distrusting such a listener.

"I have been uselessly startled," he said. "I am old and likely to be easily alarmed. Perhaps I do wrong. I beg you will blame me if it is so."

"Come this way," interrupted Sir Brian, and laid his hand upon the door, against which I had leaned listening. I started back, and was out in the dark conservatory, thence into the dimly lighted hall and up the wide stairs, all so quickly, that whilst I was already in the shelter of the friendly arch, I heard the door I had left open close behind him. He had evidently stopped to speak to Nell, for I heard him say in leaving, "Let me find you here when I return."

I had had enough of adventure for that one night, and so I made what speed I might to reach my room and get into bed. Lying there with a general sense of being very guilty, and an entire inability to be shocked or penitent for being so, I took a glance round the room, and was convinced that Madge had been back during my absence. The doors of the two passages it contained stood wide open, the curtains were raised and thrown across the backs of chairs, and an appearance of a hasty search having been prosecuted for some missing person or thing, was the prevailing feature of the apartment. Not for an instant doubting that my transient self was the object of investigation, I lay still, expecting her return with less dread than I should have been a prey to, had I not been filled with distressing conjecture about Sir Brian and Nell. She came like a breathless Nemesis, with an air of desperate determination, that changed to wrath the moment she caught sight of my peaceful figure.

"Arra, is it there ye are, Miss Honora?"



THE FUNERAL IN THE CHAPEL.

Faith it's well I've found ye, for I was going to have the great bell rung for ye and raise the whole country to the search. I've been tearing up one passage, and down another like a hound, wid my heart bating and my knees trembling, and the breath just leavin' me wid fear. Ye thankless young heart-break that ye are, whatever possibl' ye to give me this chase? Sure, in my fright I tuk out ov the house across the lawn like a craythur that had lost my reason, for, thinks I to myself, if she falls in wid the White Lady it'll be the last I've known ov her, and what wid running and scrambling for ye under me breath for fear Sir Brian should hear me, I was in a quare way intirely, and I comes plump into ould Donohue's arms, though I can't for the life ov me think whatever sint the ould craythur, wandering at that hour, any more nor meself. Here she made her first breathless pause, and repenting evidently having for one instant allowed her curiosity to get the better of her wrath, demanded with renewed anger in her tone, "And what have ye to say for yerself?"

Utterly at a loss what to say that would deprecate her resentment, I chose the only course that seemed open to me, and began to upbraid her in return.

"Why did you go away and leave me for a whole long evening in this dreadfully quiet room?" I asked. "I had no books here, and Sir Brian's door was closed, so what could I do but wander out on the lower balcony for awhile. I don't mean to offend you, Madge, I'm sure."

"Saints in glory be about me, darlin'," cried Madge in a tearful manner, from which the angry clouds were fast dissolving. "Sure don't ye know that it's Sir Brian's orders that I never lose sight ov ye day or night, an' haven't I given him me solemn promise, that's as good as a sworn oath, to kepe a watch over ye as strict as if ye were guin' to be carried off by the good people? Troth have I, and a purty pictur I'd be wid ye gone, the Lord knows where, tryin' to make thim sinable that it was no fault of mine."

She had scarcely closed the doors, and rearranged the curtains, which she had been doing busily all this while, when a strange and unaccustomed hand knocked at the door. Madge started nervously, and coming quickly to the bed, looked me in carefully before answering it. I was as much surprised as she at such an unexpected sound, and turned anxiously to see whom she would admit. Of all people in the world it was old Donohue, and he seemed as odd and flurried in his manner when he entered as we were to find him there. In his hand he held one of a few tall goblets of red and gold, curiously cut, that I had often seen on a tall glass stand in Sir Brian's room.

"It's a drink, Miss," he said in a low, trembling voice. "Jist a sup of negus, please, which Sir Brian sint you. It's a cool night, you see, and there's a dull, misty wind blowing, so it's well to have something of a warming, kind to kepe a body in spirits."

"But," I said, half rising in my astonishment at the strange message, "I am not sick nor cold, and I don't know why I should drink it. Are you sure it comes from Sir Brian?"

He gave me a quick glance of doubt and inquiry, and repeated:

"From whom did you say, Miss?"

"Are you sure Sir Brian sends me this hot drink? because I'm not used to such things, and I would rather not take it unless it is his wish."

"I have only one master in Fogarty Castle, Miss Honora, and him I would serve in giving up my life if it was needful. He is such a true, noble spirit, that for any one to question or cavil at his slightest wish seems worse than folly to me, his devoted servant. Shall I take Sir Brian back the wine?"

"No, give it to me, please." I took it, and

shrinking slightly at the spicy pungency of its taste, drained the goblet, and handed it back empty. Madge, who had stood silently at my side, now turned to the old man with a keen and searching look.

"What's wrong in the Castle to-night?" she asked.

"And what should be wrong, good Madge?" he answered.

"God knows," she said, shaking her head sighing; "but there's some stir going on, whatever it is, though I know bravely it's wastin' breath to question ye. The grave's not deeper than ould Donohue's mouth, has been a byword this many a day."

The old man smiled and turned the goblet upside down, watching the few remaining drops trickle on the floor.

"It's an easy thing to drain an empty cup. My news was told years ago, why should I flash folks with an ould story that they've all heard till it has lost even its power to make them pity me. Shall I go over it again for you, Madge, or are you content to let it lay in the deep grave that time has dug for it and me?"

"Och, Donohue, man dear, do you think I'd demane myself by stabbin' sores," cried Madge, impatiently; "sure if I could be guilty of the like, it's a mane opinion I'd have of myself. No, no, good man, that's not the sort of craythur I am, let ye think what ye will ov me. The Lord make yer memory dull for ould trouble, an' yer hope bright for future peace. But what, I was manin', was my fears was ris that somethin' was wrong when I met ye on the garden slope in sich haste makin' for Sir Brian's room; and if it was in me power to do anything for any of ye, ye know ye have only to spake the word, and I'm rididy to go widout slaping or eatin', if I can do it."

"Shure we all know that ye're as good as wise Madge; and if anything was wrong, wouldn't ye be the first to know it?"

Old Donohue smiled persuasively on the good soul, and then turned to me. I was looking at him fixedly, but somehow a strange distance seemed to grow and swell between us. Their voices became a soft murmur, like the distant sound of rippling water, and without a sensation of weariness or sleep, I sank away down into a roscate softness and delight that no words could paint or express. My eyes did not close, for I saw old Donohue finger in the doorway, watching me and feigning to talk with Madge; at last he went away, or I lost him and Madge and everything in a sweet sense of perfect peace and rest.

## CHAPTER X. A DEATH.

A cool, fresh wind struck me suddenly, and blew a quick, shivering consciousness across my frame. I was moving slowly, and my figure felt confined and uncomfortable. Some one was carrying me. I could feel the supporting arms, but I had not strength enough to move, or even open my eyes. I was want of power did not disturb me; I was quietly content, and only repelled by a natural instinct from any necessity for exertion or motion of any kind. Once I heard a whisper; a voice I knew spoke close beside me; and once I felt a light branch sweep my face and scatter dew over it from all its leaves. At this I stirred and strove to unclose my eyes, but they seemed sealed by some stronger power than my own will, which soon relaxed from the effort, and I sunk into the partial consciousness of a vivid dream. The cold wind ceased to blow, the air was soft and warm, with the scent of flowers upon its breath. We were ascending steps, and it seemed a laborious journey, for we went slowly, and sometimes stopped altogether to rest. At last we reached the place to which I had been brought—why, I could not tell—and he who carried me put

me down very gently on a soft couch. I knew it was Sir Brian before he spoke; some instinct told me so, and now his voice confirmed it.

"Does she rest yet?" he asked.

His tone was low and sad, very sad and tender. The person to whom he spoke, answered softly in the same whispering way in which he addressed her.

"Yes, master dear, an' she looks as peaceful as a saint."

A stifled sob seemed to heave Sir Brian's bosom, and then he rose, and with a slow footstep went away.

There was a bright light in the room where he had laid me. I caught its reflection through my unclosed lids, and some little birds twittered uneasily in their cages, as if disturbed by the unwonted glare. Presently I felt I was alone. Nothing but the bright light and the little startled birds remained with me. I could hear a faint and almost indistinguishable murmuring borne toward me once in a while, and then all would be strangely silent. By-and-by Sir Brian returned, and stooping, raised me in his arms. His breast was heaving terribly; his whole frame trembled, and his breath came in convulsive starts, as he bore me to the inner chamber, that was intensely still now. He laid me down there upon another bed; and as my feet touched it, a strange chill crept upward through my heart. I was not its only occupant; I felt that as he stooped over me, shaking like a tall tree in a bitter wind, he took my loose and passive arms and twined them around something chill and marble-like, and then he drew my face nearer and nearer, till it touched an icy thing from which, spellbound though I was, I shrank and recoiled. His voice, no longer quiet and restrained, but loud, wild, and uncontrolled, broke forth as I did so, with such a fearful wail, that I can recall its shuddering echo yet.

"Oh, my poor homeless, nameless babe, don't turn from your dead mother's bosom! 'Tis the only time in all this bitter world you were ever laid there, and you'll never meet again till you're both beyond its pangs and sorrows."

Like a sound piercing the dull monotonous flow of sluggish water, this cry reached my heart. I tried to move, but my limbs seemed manacled by heavy, icy chains, whose ponderous weight mocked my efforts. At last, through what seemed a fearful struggle, I freed my arms, and meaning to clasp them around the form beside me, they fell heavily upon it, and I knew no more.

"Darlint, Miss Honora, darlint!"

It was Madge's voice, though at first I did not recognize it as anything with which I was familiar; and she had been repeating these words again and again in a still more anxious and startled way, as she found I took no notice of them. I opened my eyes when her tone had become full of distress and fright, and tried to tell her that I had heard her, but was too tired and listless to reply, when I felt my throat and mouth so strangely parched and dry, that speaking became almost impossible. Madge, with her usual quickness, understood the motion I made, and brought me a brimming glass of cool, delicious water.

"It's jist ould Donohue's posset that was too much for ye, me darlint. When I set watchin' ye so white and quiet like, wid dark lines under yer half-closed eyes, I was jist wid him for bringin' it; though God knows the old man had a heavy blow last night; a heavy blow, darlint."

I did not speak, I could not; a dreary weight seemed pendant over every sense; what I had seen in the night came back like a troubled dream that I could not fully understand. The only idea of which I was conscious, was a longing for more rest; and so I tried to lie down again, but Madge fore-

stalled me by putting her arms around my waist and holding me up.

"No, Miss Honora, you mustn't lay yer head down wanst more. Sure if I had to set lookin' at ye like a brackin' ghost, my wife would jist be leavin' me. Jist strive to kepe up till I get yer clothes on ye. Do now, miss, dear, for someway everything seems wrong this day in Castle Reefs."

Her tone was so beseeching, that I really tried to shake off the heavy snapper that still hung around me, and obey her. By little and by little I was dressed, and then Madge brought me some breakfast; after which I felt that I had almost conquered the drowsiness that oppressed me, and in my own mind began to question and rehearse the strange scene I had either dreamed or acted in during the night.

"Madge," I said, suddenly, "did you stay here until I went to sleep last night, or did you go away when Donohue went?"

"Whist, miss," said Madge, "an' I'll tell ye the whole story. Ye see, when I axed yer leave to go down to the lower hall, it was becase Cornysius an' his wife had jist stepped over from the town till pass the evenin'. Well, I'll not be tellin' ye a lie about it, Miss; an' ye see, Mrs. Maloney, the cook, made the punch, an' some way or another, Donny Finn beguiled her intil puttin' a drop more than was needful ov whiskey into it. Well, some way it got the better ov us all—an' when the ould man was here, it was as much as I could do to kepe from fallin' asleep, an' him lookin' at me. He hadn't fairly turned his back, when I went to jist turn the key in the door af' this rowl meself intil me own bed, when sorra a key I could find at all, at all; an' what wid stoopin' to look after it, the head of me got that light that I had to make off till me bed to save meself from fallin'."

"Then you went to bed almost as soon as I fell asleep, Madge?"

"Yis, Miss, as I was tellin' ye, by raisin' ov the strength ov the punch; and more be- token, what do I clasp me eyes on the first thing when I come in this mornin', but the key I was looking for, stickin' in the door formin' my very eyes. Which makes me have but a mane opinion of Donny Finn for overpersuadin' Mrs. Maloney wid the whiskey."

"You said something happened to Donohue, Madge. What was it?" I asked, being restless, and impatient to discover some trace to what had occurred to me; and feeling indistinctly—why I could not tell—that he was in some way connected with it.

"The worst blow that could come on the ould man has fallen now, asthore!"

Madge's face changed instantly, as she spoke, from vindictiveness against Donny Finn, to an all-absorbing pity and commiseration for the sorrow she related. Large tears swelled in her eyes; she took her apron in both hands, and striving to stay their sweeping force, cried in a broken voice: "I haven't laid my eyes on the poor and distracted craythur since she was, next to Miss Nell, the country's talk for her beauty; but now that she's gone to her long home, it seems but yesterday I watched her ladle off the dance with the grace ov the first lady in the land, or walking intil chapel behind the father and mother, ivery eye admiring bonny Belle Donohue, but none ov thim so full ov pride and love as the old father's, who before the year was out broke her heart."

"Did Belle Donohue die last night?"

I asked Madge this, dreading her answer more than I could tell. It came, with many sobs and tears, and seemed to ring like a knell through my empty heart.

"Yis, darlint, last night at the goin' down ov the moon, she went home to Paradise, like the born angel she was."

I turned my face away and hid it in the cushions of the lounge where I sat. Was I Belle Donohue's daughter?—a being whose very existence had never been hinted at. Was it a monstrous dream that had possession of me last night, or was I the bereaved, nameless creature Sir Brian had said? My brain throbbled distractedly with bitter, miserable thoughts. From the moment I had first looked on Sir Brian's face, a sense of love and trust was opened to me; then it was I first realized how utterly friendless my old life had been. Guy's cold kindness, compared with the loving warmth of that great heart, rose like an icy specter from the past, and made the present bitter. The beaming eyes that met mine always with a tenderness there were no words to utter, seemed suddenly quenched in pity. "I am not his flesh and blood," my spirit groaned; "his kindness and commiseration were so great that they have seemed like love. I am not his kin, and it was only pity."

This was the silent cry of my selfish heart; the mother I had lost, except that she might be dear to him, had no other place there; my life seemed shipwrecked on a stormy sea, and Sir Brian was the only beacon light that could save me. I turned to Madge, who stood wiping her eyes beside me; something wild or startled in my face struck her, for she caught my hands in hers with her shrillest exclamation of, "May the saints in glory be about us!"

"Take me to Sir Brian, Madge. I must see Sir Brian. Oh, take me to Sir Brian." I cried, weeping desperately, and falling from the sofa on my knees. "Reg him to see me jist a moment. Oh, entreat and pray him to let me come to him."

Excited as I was I could not fail to mark the distracting emotions depicted on Madge's face, that made it wonderful to look at.







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On the night of the Presidential election the loyal inhabitants of a town not a hundred miles from the "Hub," put up an illumination in honor of the great victory. On the following morning, a lady happening to call upon an old widow-lady, in whom she was interested, spoke of the display as quite a success. "Yes," said the old lady, "it was very pretty." "Of course," said her friend, "you lighted up, too?" "Well, no," said she, "I didn't. I wanted to, but" and the tears came into her eyes as she thought of the husband who had lost twenty years before—"I couldn't remember which side your Jake was on!"

**Exhausted Health**  
Is a blessing vouchsafed to few. Even those who have been favored by nature with strong constitutions and vigorous frames are apt to neglect the precautions necessary to preserve those precious endowments. Indeed, as a rule, the more healthy and robust a man is, the more worthless he is inclined to take by his own physique. It is some consolation to the naturally weak and feeble to know that they can be so invigorated and built up, by a proper use of the means which science has placed at their disposal, that they have a much better chance of long life and are exempted from disease and pain, than the most active of their fellows who are foolish enough to expose themselves invulnerable, and act accordingly.

It is not too much to say that more than half the people of the civilized world need an occasional tonic, to enable them to support the strain upon their bodies and minds, which the fast life of this restless age occasions. In fact, a pure, wholesome, unexciting tonic is the grand desideratum of the bourgeoisie, and they have the article in **HORMER'S STOMACH BITTERS**. It is a SPASTIC REMEDY, &c. It imparts permanent strength to weak systems and invigorates delicate constitutions. Its reputation and its sales have steadily increased. Compulsive preparations have been introduced, ad libitum, and, as far as the public is concerned, ad nauseum, in the hope of rivaling it; but they have all either perished in the attempt, or been left far in the rear. It has been the great medical success of the present century, and it is fairly certain that no proprietary medicine in this country is as widely known, or as generally used.

**Tea lightning process, running incessantly (Sunday excepted), the whole year through, barely supply the demand for the Illustrated Almanac, in which the nature and uses of the preparation are set forth, the circulation now being over five millions a year.**  
JANU-41

There is lying up on the canal, at Portland, Maine, not a very great distance above the Kennebec depot, a vessel resembling in its construction a scow and flat-boat combined. The owner and builder of this specimen of marine architecture has become impressed with the idea that the world has reached such a point in regard to immortality and corruption that we are shortly to be visited by a second deluge. He has therefore taken his property (valued by some as high as six thousand dollars) and is expending it upon this ark, fifty feet long, fifteen feet wide, flat bottomed, square sterned, round bows, with a house a little aft of amidships. He is sole planner and builder, and intends, when it is completed, to furnish it with necessary provisions, and calmly await the storm from heaven, and the rising of the waters.

**R. T. BARNETT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.**  
*Family and Toilet Soaps.* The very best.  
*Romp Powder.* The great labor-saving compound.  
*Concentrated Polish.* The ready soapmaker.  
*Saleratus,* warranted pure and unadulterated.  
*Super Clark Soda and Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.  
*Lion Coffee,* guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.

For sale by Henry C. Kolligs, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 70, 71 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. R. T. BARNETT. feb11-18

**Elder Knapp** had been holding a protracted meeting in Arkansas, and on a certain Sunday was to have a "baptizing" of converts in the river, in the secluded locality in which the revival had taken place. As he advanced into the water with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap, he asked the usual question, whether any person knew any reason by the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. No one answered for a few moments, but at length a tall, straight, and powerful-looking chap, with an eye like a blaze, who was leaning upon a long rifle, and quietly looking on, remarked, "Elder, I don't want to interfere in this yere business, any way, but I want to say I know that old ones you've got hold of, and I know that one dip won't do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him, and save him, you'll have to anchor him out in deep water over night."

**For Cuts and Bruises buy full Pint Bottles**  
of WOLOCH'S ANTIMONY, in white wrappers, &c. WOLOCH'S PAIN PAIN is also in white wrappers, &c. Sold at druggists. JANU-61

**MARRIAGES.**

**1870** Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th of Dec., 1869, by the Rev. Washington R. ELLIS, No. 261 Madison St., A. A., Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Mr. THOMAS R. BHALLOW to Miss OLIVIA M. VAIL, all of Philadelphia.

On the 21st of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. Calverton, Mr. JAMES FRASER to Miss MARY L. CHURCHILL, both of this city.

On the 21st of Dec., by the Rev. FRANCIS BURT, Mr. JAMES FRASER to Miss MARY MARY REID, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. ANDREW MARSHALL, CHARLES JULY, Jr., to EMMA M. KLEIDER, both of this city.

On the 1st instant by the Rev. THOMAS MANN, Mr. CHARLES LLOYD to Miss FANNY KRETZMANN.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cuthbert, Mr. THOMAS ANDERSON to Miss EMILIE ENDS, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. M. D. KURTZ, Mr. WILLIAM W. MARRISON to Miss LEDIA NEWTON, of this city.

**DEATHS.**

**1870** Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, JACOB SARTREY, in his 45th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARTHA H. HOGUE, in her 72d year.

On the 24 instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH DAWSON, in her 72d year.

On the 2d instant, JAMES CLAY, Sr., in his 72d year.

On the 2d instant, GEORGE W. BERRY, in his 70th year.

On the 2d instant, Mr. WILLIAM GUARAN, in his 43th year.

On the 1st instant, MARY EL, daughter of John and Catherine TURNER, in her 80d year.

On the 1st instant, JAMES H. LONGWELL, in his 71th year.

On the 21st of Dec., ELIZABETH RITCHIE, in her 77th year.



## AMONG THE TREES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh ye who love to overhang the springs,  
And stand by running waters, ye whose  
bosoms  
Make beautiful the rocks o'er which they  
play,  
Who pile with foliage the great hills, and  
rear  
A paradise upon the lonely plain,  
Trees of the forest and the open field!  
Have ye no sense of being? Does the air,  
The pure air, which I breathe with glad-  
ness, pass  
In gushes o'er your delicate lungs, your  
leaves,  
All unenjoyed? When on your Winter-sleep  
The sun shines warm, have ye no dreams of  
Spring?  
And, when the glorious spring-time comes  
at last,  
Have ye no joy of all your bursting buds,  
And fragrant blossoms, and melody of birds  
To which your young leaves shiver? Do ye  
strive  
And wrestle with the wind, yet know it not?  
Feel ye no glory in your strength when he,  
The exhausted Blusterer, flies beyond the  
hills,  
And leaves you stronger yet? Or have ye  
not  
A sense of loss when he has stripped your  
leaves,  
Yet tender, and has splintered your fair  
boughs?  
Does the loud bolt that smites you from the  
cloud  
And rends you, fall unfelt? Do there not  
run  
Strange shudderings through your fibres  
when the axe  
Is raised against you, and the shining blade  
Deals blow on blow, until, with all their  
boughs  
Your summits waver, and ye fall to earth?  
Know ye no sadness when the hurricane  
Has swept the wood and snapped its sturdy  
stems  
Asunder, or has wrenched, from out the soil,  
The mightiest with their circles of strong  
rocks,  
And piled the ruin all along his path?

Nay, doubt we not that under the rough  
rind  
In the green veins of these fair growths of  
earth,  
There dwells a nature that receives delight  
From all the gentle processes of life,  
And shrinks from loss of being. Dim and  
faint  
May be the sense of pleasure and of pain,  
As in our dreams; but, haply, real still.

Our sorrows touch you not. We watch  
beside  
The beds of those who languish or who die,  
And minister in sadness, while our hearts  
Offer perpetual prayer for life and ease  
And health to the beloved sufferers.  
But ye, while anxious fear and fainting hope  
Are in our chambers, ye rejoice without.  
The funeral goes forth; a silent train  
Moves slowly from the desolate home; our  
hearts

Are breaking as we lay away the loved,  
Whom we shall see no more, in their last  
rest.

Their little cells within the burial-place,  
Ye have no part in this distress; for still  
The February sunshine steeps your boughs  
And tints the buds and swells the leaves  
within;

While the song-sparrow, warbling from her  
perch,  
Tells you that Spring is near. The wind of  
May

Is sweet with breath of orchards, in whose  
boughs

The bees and every insect of the air  
Make a perpetual murmur of delight.  
And by whose flowers the humming-bird  
hangs poised

In air, and draws their sweets and darts  
away.

The linden, in the fervors of July,  
Hums with a louder concert. When the  
wind

Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,  
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps  
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth  
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn  
Of gladness and of thanks. The hermit  
thrush

Pipes his sweet note to make your arches  
ring.

The faithful robin from the wayside elm,  
Carols all day to cheer its sitting mate.  
And when the Autumn comes, the kings of  
earth,

In all their majesty, are not arrayed  
As ye are, clothing the broad mountain-side,  
And spotting the smooth vales with red and  
gold.

While, swaying to the sudden breeze, ye  
fling  
Your nuts to earth, and the brisk squirrel  
comes

To gather them, and barks with childish  
glee.

And scampers with them to his hollow oak.

Thus, as the seasons pass, ye keep alive  
The cheerfulness of nature, till in time  
The constant misery which wrings the heart  
Releaves, and we rejoice with you again,  
And glory in your beauty; till once more  
We look with pleasure on your vanished  
leaves.

That gayly glance in sunshine, and can hear,  
Delighted, the soft answer which your  
boughs

Utter in whispers to the babbling brook.

Ye have no history; I cannot know  
Who, when the hillside trees were hewn  
away,

Haply two centuries since, bade spare this  
oak.

Leaning to shade, with his irregular arms,  
Low-bent and long, the fount that from his  
roots

Slips through a bed of cresses toward the  
bay.

I know not who, but thank him that he left  
The tree to flourish where the acorn fell,  
And join these later days to that far time  
While yet the Indian hunter drew the bow  
In the dim woods, and the white woodman  
first

Opened these fields to sunshine, turned the  
soil

And sowed the wheat. An unremembered  
Past

Broods, like a presence, 'mid the long gray  
boughs

Of this old tree, which has outlived so long  
The fitting generations of mankind.

Ye have no history. I ask in vain  
Who planted on the slope this lofty group

Of ancient pear-trees that with spring-time  
burst  
Into such breadth of bloom. One bears a  
nest

Where the quick lightning scored its trunk,  
yet still  
It feels the breath of Spring, and every  
May

Is white with blossoms. Who it was that  
laid

Their first roots in earth, and tenderly  
cherished the delicate sprays, I ask in vain;  
Yet bless the unknown hand to which I owe  
This annual festival of bees, these songs  
Of birds within their leafy screen, these  
shouts

Of joy from children gathering up the fruit  
Shaken in August from the willing boughs.

Ye that my hands have planted, or have  
spared,  
Beside the way, or in the orchard-ground,  
Or in the open meadow, ye whose boughs  
With every summer spread a wider shade,  
Whose hard in coming years shall lie at rest  
Beneath your noontide shelter? who shall  
pluck

Your ripened fruit? who grave, as was the  
west?

Of simple pastoral ages, on the rind  
Of my smooth beeches some beloved name?  
Idly I ask; yet may the eyes that look  
Upon you, in your later, nobler growth,  
Look also on a nobler age than ours;

An age when, in the eternal strife between  
Evil and Good, the Power of Good shall win  
A grander mastery; when kings no more  
Shall summon millions from the plough to  
learn

The trade of slaughter, and of populous  
realms  
Make camps of war; when in our younger  
land

The hand of ruffian violence that now  
Is insolently raised to smite, shall fall  
Unheeded before the calm rebuke of law.  
And Fraud, his sly confederate, shrink, in  
shame,

Back to his covert, and forego his prey.  
—Putnam's Magazine.

## The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Images.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 2.  
GATES.

"Then the king arose and sat in the  
gate." 2nd Samuel, xix: 8. A most un-  
dignified position for a sovereign, an ex-  
ceedingly uncleanly and inconvenient one  
even for those of humbler grade. Such,  
doubtless, have been the reflections of every  
thoughtful western reader of the Holy Scrip-  
tures, as he marked the many allusions to  
"sitting in the gate," "judging in the  
gate," "lying in wait in the gate," and  
numberless others equally puzzling to those  
unacquainted with oriental customs. As a  
place for consultation, for the judgment of  
cases requiring investigation, and careful  
decision at the hands of a magistrate, for  
the quiet communion of friends, or the ar-  
rest of offenders, it would seem to us the  
gate of a city was of all places that could  
be selected, the one most inconvenient and  
undesirable. What intelligent child, even,  
can read the Old Testament, and not won-  
der why a king should leave his comfortable  
palace, descend from his gilded throne, and  
in his costly oriental garb, sit down in a gate-  
way polluted with dust and mire, where he  
must of necessity be jostled and run against  
and almost trampled on by every pedestrian  
entering or leaving the city. Just imagine  
the absurdity of a proud eastern monarch  
holding a court levee in such a place! Yet  
we are told that "David sat in the gate"  
after the death of Absalom, and "all the  
people came before the king," many doubt-  
less to congratulate him on the complete  
suppression of the recent rebellion,—some  
to offer condolence on the death of his  
favorite son, and all to welcome him back  
to his throne and his kingdom. How could  
this great company have been accommodated  
in a gate-way? Another instance is that of  
Zedekiah, King of Judah, who is repre-  
sented as "sitting in the gate of Benjamin,"  
when the church went to him in behalf of  
the prophet Jeremiah, when the latter had  
been "cast into the dungeon," and was  
"like to die of hunger."

Not more desirable for a Judge would be  
such a position. How could he, under such  
disadvantages, amid such continual clamor,  
and surrounded by noise, confusion, jests,  
and outcries, calmly consider the causes  
brought before him, examine witnesses, or  
arrive at any rational or equitable conclu-  
sion?

What a strange place for a marriage con-  
tract to be entered into, one that was to be  
witnessed by all the elders, the dignified  
rulers of a great nation, as in the case of  
Boaz and Ruth, especially as the bride-  
groom seems to have been a man of position  
and property.

Still less would a public gate be suited to  
the quiet self-communion that one seeks in  
the still hour of even, when the tired  
spirit would look upward and inward for  
relief from the jarring cares of life. Yet  
thus communing with himself sat "Lot in  
the gate of Sodom."

Again, we are told that the enemies of  
Samson "lay in wait for him in the gate,"  
and that Joab took Abner "aside in the  
gate to speak to him quietly, and smote him  
there, that he died." An open gate in a  
large eastern city, continually thronged with  
foot-passengers, is certainly a strange place  
in which to devise or carry out deeds of  
darkness, unless, indeed, the criminal sought  
deception instead of concealment.

But it is needless to multiply instances,  
since the above are quite sufficient to show  
that our western idea of a gate is certainly  
not the place designated as such by the  
sacred historians. What was meant, seems  
very obvious to any one who has visited  
eastern lands. There, almost all cities  
are walled, and in many cases the walls are  
of immense height and thickness, some-  
times solid, but more frequently there is an  
inner and an outer wall, so joined with  
masonry at the top as to appear perfectly  
solid. In either case there is always a room  
built in the thickness of the wall, on each  
side of every gate. These rooms are more  
or less spacious, according to the dimen-  
sions of the wall, and the use for which the  
several apartments are designed; and they  
answer all the purposes of our public halls.

One or more of these "gate-rooms," as they  
are called, is set aside in every eastern city  
for holding magisterial courts, where all  
petty cases among the common people, and  
occasionally some weighty ones, are de-  
cided.

Other rooms are arranged for the accom-  
modations of travellers, who find there mats,  
and perhaps cushions for sitting or reclining,  
cool water, drinking-cups, fans, &c.; and as  
very few hotels are found in the East, these  
gate-rooms and the sayas on the public  
thoroughfares form the principal resting-  
places for the tired traveller. They are also  
common places of resort for all classes of  
citizens, at the closing hours of the day, for  
social intercourse or for the discussion of  
matters of general interest. Occasionally  
where there is a spacious room, a king or  
prince holds a sort of levee there, especially  
in cases where he wishes to receive foreign-  
ers, whom he does not choose to invite to  
his palace. Sometimes also, when an im-  
portant battle is pending, the king, sur-  
rounded by his courtiers, will wait here "in  
the gate" to receive the first tidings from  
the scene of conflict, and for the conveni-  
ence of transmitting orders as speedily as  
possible. Such was the case of Eli, men-  
tioned in 1st Samuel, iv: 18. But this cus-  
tom is less prevalent than formerly, and less  
among the monarchs of Southern than  
Western Asia. Some of these gate-rooms are  
very small, and are used only as lock-  
up-places for petty criminals. Others,  
somewhat more spacious, but not large  
enough for public assemblies, are left open  
to the public, and are made available for  
general convenience, public or private.  
Here friends may meet for consultation,  
merchants to make contracts, lovers to hold  
clandestine interviews; and here, doubtless,  
many a dark deed is planned or executed.  
These gate-rooms are light, airy, and com-  
fortably fitted up—and form, on many ac-  
counts, the most convenient places that  
could be selected for the various purposes  
for which they are used. They have win-  
dows looking both within and without the  
city; and without even leaving his seat, a  
magistrate may usually secure such wit-  
nesses as he desires, by keeping a look out  
from the open door or windows of his office,  
from which every passer in or out of the  
city is clearly visible. These gate-rooms  
are, of course, readily found by all  
classes of men; and both time and  
expense are saved by those who live in the  
rural districts, without the city walls, by  
their being able to settle their business with  
a magistrate at "the gate." There may be  
an additional reason for the continuance  
of the custom of holding magisterial courts  
at "the gate," found in the desire of the  
magistrate to save his client all unnecessary  
expense, that there may be the more left to  
satisfy his own extortionate claims. "Not  
justitia ruat calum," is certainly not the  
ruling maxim of these oriental judges, whose  
grasping propensities and plastic consciences  
are more aptly represented by

"The border rule—the good old plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

For in all oriental countries that I have  
visited, a regular system of bribery prevails  
in all the imperial courts, from these under  
the jurisdiction of a Provincial Governor,  
down to petty village magistrates; and he  
that can offer the highest fee, is absolutely  
sure of a verdict in his favor. The whole  
government being one continuous system of  
vassalage from prince to peasant, the lower  
officers and inferior nobles being always  
amenable to the higher, they keep peace  
with their superiors, and ward off the inter-  
ference of the latter by frequent costly pre-  
sents, the object of which is fully under-  
stood and tacitly agreed to, though never a  
word is spoken by either party to the con-  
tract. So vast and complicated is this ma-  
chinery under these despotic governments of  
Southern Asia, that there is absolutely no  
check upon the chicanery, bribery, and in-  
justice under which the people groan. Could  
these "gate-rooms" but speak, what fearful  
tales of plotting and cheating would they  
reveal.

In the higher courts, however, bribes are  
unknown, and the offering of one would in  
itself be considered an unpardonable of-  
fence, inasmuch as it would be regarded as  
an intimation that the vessel was in a con-  
dition to confer a favor on his liege lord—a  
state of affairs not for a moment to be tol-  
erated by these haughty eastern nobles, with  
their over-wrought ideas of *revenue* and ex-  
clusiveness. If a noble of high rank com-  
mit a crime against the king or state, he is  
brought before the monarch, who in person  
pronounces sentence upon the offender, sur-  
rounded only by his cabinet assembled in  
privy council. These cabinet meetings are  
always convened at midnight in the king's  
palace, and their proceedings are never dis-  
closed, each member being bound by solemn  
oath to reveal nothing that there transpires,  
and the penalty of death being annexed to  
the slightest departure from this rule.

Except in these occasional cases in high  
life, every offender is judged by the peer  
under whose vassalage he lives, the strictest  
degree of etiquette being observed by each  
noble, not in any way to interfere with  
those under the jurisdiction of another.  
These courts are held at stated intervals  
either within the palaces of the nobility, or  
in the "gate-room," as the judge may think  
fit, and their surroundings are more or less  
gorgeous according to the rank and wealth  
of the chief; but all of them are absolute in  
power, and there is no appeal from their de-  
cisions, whether just or unjust, satisfactory  
or the reverse. Entirely distinct from these,  
and convened in different rooms, are the  
"gate-courts" for the benefit of the com-  
mon people—those who are in no way at-  
tached to the households of the nobility.  
These are open every day and at all hours  
of the day and night, and are superintended  
by city magistrates, who constitute both  
judge and jury, and who are amenable each  
to the officer next above him in rank. In  
most oriental countries the officers of at-  
torney and advocate are wholly unknown—  
each man pleads his own cause, and the  
judge pronounces the verdict without leaving  
the court, or taking counsel with any as to  
the equity of his decision. Magistrates are put  
in office by the higher nobles, sometimes as  
a matter of favoritism, but more frequently  
quite at random, and without the slightest  
regard to fitness, intellectual or moral.  
Neither are they educated for the office, but  
enter upon it from some other calling, with-  
out possessing the first qualification for the  
important duties they are to perform, and  
knowing about as much of statute or com-  
mon law as they do of the antellies of  
Jupiter.

There is yet another use made of these  
"gate-rooms," that may be mentioned in  
this connection—that is in those countries  
where "trial by ordeal" is still practised.  
If the ordeal be walking over red-hot iron,  
drinking some noxious dose, or any other  
kind that can be conveniently administered  
in such a place, the trial takes place here in  
the "gate-room," where the case has been  
adjudged. Punishment, by means of fies,  
flogging, stocks, branding, &c., is also ad-  
ministered here in the presence of the magis-

trate, and the criminal, if belonging with-  
out, departs without having entered the  
city, thus according to oriental ideas saving  
the city from pollution. Witness the public  
executions of the Jews, which always took  
place out of the city.

Whilst on the subject of gates, it may be  
as well to refer to the passage, "It is  
easier for a camel to go through the eye of  
a needle," &c. The large gates of these  
walled cities are very ponderous, and for  
this reason are usually kept closed, except  
on festive occasions; while within the large  
gate is a smaller one called "the needle's eye,"  
which is nearly always open, or can be easily  
opened by one man. This is used for the  
ingress and egress of foot-passengers, and  
for unloaded beasts of burden.

Without his load, the camel can readily  
pass through "the needle's eye," but with  
any addition to his natural height the eye is  
too small, and the large gate must be opened  
to admit him. So for the rich man, who  
is willing to lay down all for Christ, the door  
of Heaven is wide enough; but the difficulty  
lies in the deceitfulness of riches, and the  
tendency of the heart to love them supremely,  
and whilst this inordinate love exists, he  
can no more enter Heaven than the camel  
can pass with his load, through "the  
needle's eye." To an oriental, the compari-  
son is simple, natural and beautiful.

F. R. F.

## HOW I WAS RUN AWAY WITH;

OR,  
The Difficult Circumstances of Cap-  
tain Mannering.

## PART III.

WHAT WAS DONE.

There were only ourselves in the railway  
carriage, and opposite to me, silent, fright-  
ened looking, but as beautiful as the day,  
was Lucy Loring. She held out her hand  
to me once, and gave me a timid sort of  
stare with questioning eyes, as if she would  
ask me what I thought of her—of her who  
was running away with a man whom a few  
days before she had never seen, and running  
away with him too in that sense of the  
phrase which meant that he was not run-  
ning away with her, but submitting to or-  
ders, and obeying her openly-expressed and  
repeatedly-declared will.

What could I think of her? asked those  
starry eyes from whose brilliant depths  
wonder and fear, hope and a longing anxiety  
kept raying up, and making her face quiver  
with the rapid changes from smiles to trem-  
bling tears. She held out her hand, and I  
kissed her pretty fingers; then she withdrew  
it in a hurry with a little shake of her arm,  
as if she were flinging away the modest of-  
fering I had bestowed upon her.

I could not help saying, "You are more  
mysterious than ever, Lucy. Have you no-  
thing to say to me?" "Not yet," "May I  
talk to you?" "No, no." "Why not?"  
"Oh, you might talk nonsense," I laughed  
outright. Her face was a lovely picture of  
almost absurd terror. "Be quiet, be at  
rest," I said; "I will talk of the weather  
till we are in the respectable company of  
good Mrs. Brotherton." "I will talk before  
that," she said.

She leaned back in the carriage with an  
expression of pitiable weariness. She closed  
her eyes, but it was in thought, not sleepi-  
ness, and her face was a study to look upon.  
I did look on it. I gazed freely on her ex-  
quisite loveliness, and with the profoundest  
respect, for now I knew—though I had al-  
ways known it, I think, in a general sort of  
indescribable way, rather through the feel-  
ings than the brain—I knew that I was not  
going to marry Lucy, and that she had not  
run away with any intention of becoming  
my wife.

When I had seen big tears roll down her  
pale cheek slowly, and at intervals, for some  
time, I ventured to speak to her again.  
"Surely," I said, "you are not doing well  
to trust me so little."

"Little!" she cried, choking a sob and  
dashing away the tear-drops; "oh! Captain  
Mannering, have I trusted you only a little?"  
"I want to be talked to; I want to know  
the next move in the game."

"By-and-by; I cannot speak yet. Please  
to trust me a little longer. I cannot talk to  
you, because the time for speech is not  
come." So she leaned back again with her  
face turned away and half-hidden against  
the side of the carriage. I determined not  
to speak any more. I bought a newspaper,  
and I pretended to read it.

At last, when we came to a certain sta-  
tion, she roused herself. "This is the last,  
is it not?" "Yes," I answered. "How  
long do they stay?" "Five minutes. It is  
the express, you know, and there is no more  
stopping till we get to London."

"That is what I thought. There! we are  
off, Captain Mannering; I can speak." She  
held out her hand. I took it. "Thank  
you," she said; "I thank you solemnly for  
the good deed you have done. I am free.  
I am as happy as I can be till—till—well,  
never mind; but I shall be happier soon."

She looked radiantly beautiful. All the  
trouble and fear had gone out of her face,  
and not a single dash of drollery was upon  
it, but a clear, courageous, open-eyed hap-  
piness spread itself all over her countenance  
and illuminated its loveliness. A little brave-  
liness of a woman she was, so strong and  
so gentle, so generous and so determined. I  
felt my own face grow bright as I looked at  
her.

"Come, tell me, Captain Mannering, have  
I quite puzzled you?"

"Quite."

"Are you really here, and can't guess  
why?"

"I cannot guess; and, besides, I think I  
have learnt to be patient, so I do not try."  
"I think you are a good man, and kind,  
and ready, at some risk, to protect a wo-  
man."

"Well," I said, "I have no such grand  
opinion of myself. I fell in with an obsti-  
nate little witch, and I am the captive of  
her will, travelling as her slave, caught in  
her toils, but knowing that she shall suffer  
no wrong while she keeps me in her service."

She listened eagerly, and gravely an-  
swered, "Thank you; then, after a minute,  
Please go on reading your newspaper again,  
Captain Mannering. If you had demanded  
an explanation, now that you cannot jump  
out at a station or give me in charge to a  
policeman, I could have given you one; but,  
just at present, I would rather not. Be-  
sides, you are trusting me, and I like that  
very much." So I retreated behind the  
open sheet of an evening paper.

Soon I saw she was getting eager and  
anxious. Her long glances were cast out  
at the flying landscape; then she could with  
difficulty conceal her agitation, and she

began with trembling hands to adjust the  
fastening of a long cloak in which she was  
well wrapped up. "Let me do that," I  
said; "you are positively shivering." She  
burst into tears. "I want to thank you  
once more. Never forget how thankful you  
have made me this day. I hope I shall not  
lose courage now the moment has arrived.  
Do not ask Mrs. Brotherton anything—oh!  
we are come, we are come! I mean keep  
close to me like—a brother, Captain  
Mannering." "Yes; don't doubt me now,"  
I said; and then we steamed into the sta-  
tion, and London was reached.

Almost immediately, a very well-dressed  
elderly woman came to our carriage; there  
was a footman in livery by her side. I  
looked at Lucy; she was very pale. I said,  
"I shall keep by you, and obey you, will  
that do?" "Yes, yes. Dear Mrs. Broth-  
erton, this is Captain Mannering." Mrs. Bro-  
therton gave me a quiet glance, but did not  
speak. "I was out of the carriage and had  
helped Lucy out. She trembled so from  
head to foot that she could not stand with-  
out help. The servant stood by a carriage  
door, and we three got in. Then we drove  
away. I looked at Mrs. Brotherton. She  
had a good, kind face, and there was a pe-  
culiar seriousness in it, I thought. She  
looked at Lucy, still trembling, literally  
shaking in the corner of the carriage. "My  
darling," she said, "if you are uncertain—"  
"No, no!" cried Lucy, almost loudly, for  
she had lost the command of her sweet voice,  
so great was her agitation. Mrs. Brotherton  
smiled. "I wish we could cure this tremor,"  
she said. "I am only foolish," said Lucy;  
"I am so angry with myself," and then she  
covered her face with her handkerchief and  
dropped her head on her friend's shoulder  
and wept good natural tears.

The carriage stopped, and we all got out  
at an entrance door in a wall. Through this  
door we went straight into a flagged pas-  
sage. Lucy put her arm in mine. Another  
door was opened, and in an odd sort of  
room, lying on a sofa, was a man, evidently  
very ill, with a person standing by him  
whom I knew perfectly well, as he had  
acted as my own servant in India. This  
man, as soon as we entered, left the room  
by another door; and Lucy, who had re-  
covered all her strength, and whose cheeks  
were covered with a bright blush of joy,  
stepped forwards and stooped down to that  
sick man's breast and put her arms round  
him tenderly, hiding her face in his curling  
dark beard. She never spoke. He said,  
"I cannot move without help, you know, or  
I would not receive you thus. Where's  
Mannering?"

Still Lucy never moved; she had dropped  
upon her knees, and did not seem to hear  
him. Of course I knew that the man was  
Charlie Moore; but how he, whom I had  
left in India as one of the finest men in the  
service, had got into this pitiable condition  
I could not imagine. Mrs. Brotherton and  
I walked to a window that had a miserable  
look-out on coarse grass, an ill-kept path-  
way, and a dreary bit of wall, and then I  
suddenly struck me that we might be in the  
vestry-room of a church; and that the scrap  
of outer world on which I gazed through  
those dull window-panes was a neglected  
corner of a disused burial-ground. I should  
have asked Mrs. Brotherton, but she was  
murmuring certain sentences which ap-  
peared to be meant for my edification, so I  
stood by her with our backs to those two  
lovers and listened.

"Poor fatherless, motherless child—the  
best-hearted creature in the world; to have  
had her life ruined by that whimsical wo-  
man; as if they could not have been mar-  
ried two years ago in a proper way. He is  
as fine a character as any woman could de-  
sire; and as to her, I brought her up de-  
fiant to her mother's death, and was more of a  
parent to her than that provoking old idiot  
could be. Her love of power would be an  
absurdity, you know, if it had not wrought  
that mischief."

Then the man-servant I have spoken of  
came back, bringing another person with  
him. "Well, Bellamy," I said, "how are  
you?"

"Quite well, Captain; in time to return  
to India with you if you should want my  
services. I have brought home Mr. Moore,  
you see, sir; and then he gave an odd  
glance at me, by which I seemed to know  
that Charlie Moore was in danger of death.  
I suppose I showed the thought in my face,  
for Bellamy, by a second significant look,  
seemed to confirm the idea, and we both, I  
am sure, looked sadly enough at each other,  
though we spoke no more."

Lucy rose up now, and came to Mrs.  
Brotherton, quickly. I saw how Charlie  
Moore followed her with his eyes, and I  
could not help telling him by a smile how  
truly I could congratulate him.

"Come here," he said to me. So I went  
up to him where he lay on the couch, which  
I now saw had some hospital contrivance at-  
tached to it by which he could be raised  
easily to his feet.

He was extremely handsome, but as pale  
as marble; his eyes had that dangerous  
brightness in them that we know is more  
than belongs to healthy life, and his great  
strong arms and hands were thin and trem-  
bling. He smiled across the room to where  
Lucy stood, with her travelling hat off, and  
her golden hair twisted about her head.  
Mrs. Brotherton had taken a little white  
bonnet from a box, and she was placing it  
on the partly bent head carefully. The  
long dark tweed wrapper was thrown across  
a box, and Lucy, in a bright blue silk, was  
putting some sort of white lace cloak across  
her shoulders. Then Charlie whispered,  
"Call her."

I brought her to his side; the man now  
arranged the springs of the couch, and he  
said,

"Have you got it there still?"

She took off three or four of those rings  
which I had before observed as numerous,  
and put them into my hand; and then she  
drew off a thin gold hoop, and gave it into  
the only hand he could use. "Into my  
waistcoat pocket, Mannering," said Charlie;  
and then I gave her back the pretty thing  
that had guarded and covered what she had  
kept so well, and did as he asked.

"Now then," said Charlie. So the man  
raised him to his feet, and cased him off on  
his crutches, and he said to me, "Take  
Lucy." She stood aside to let him go first,  
which he did well enough, with Bellamy and  
Mrs. Brotherton by his side. Then I gave  
Lucy my arm, and we walked through the  
doorway into the middle aisle of a church.  
An old man stroked his long white locks  
and bowed his head, and a younger woman,  
who seemed to belong to him, and who was  
probably the pew-opener, made a solemn  
curtesy as we passed; it was evidently their  
homage to the story of sorrow and suffering,  
love and triumph that that little procession  
told. There was a child, too, with a clean  
white pinafore there to see the sight. She



looked with troubled eyes away from Charlie as he went by, and fixed a frightened stare on Lucy. A smile, such as the child had probably never seen before, brought back the sunshine quickly to that little face, and the young creature stepped hastily forward and offered Lucy a white rose and some sweet-briar, which she had held in her tiny hand. She was not more than six years old, I am sure, and I shall never forget how Lucy took them. There was a glance at the child and a look at the mother—each of them worth a whole volume of words. "One touch of feeling makes the whole world kin," and the woman, holding the child by the hand, thus encouraged, with a face beaming with good wishes and glad hopes, followed us softly; and the old man knelt down. I put Lucy in her proper place by Charlie Moore's side, and the service began. "Who giveth this woman away?" "I do," and truly, I never in my life, before or since, did anything more entirely with all my heart. So they were married. And when Lucy had to get rid of her gloves, she put them into the hands of her little unexpected bridesmaid, who laughed up into her mother's face with glee, and she redeemed them with a piece of gold before she went away.

Charlie had to be put into a carriage brought on purpose, in which he could lie all his length, for he was allowed to bear the movement over the pavement in no other way, and I went with Lucy and Mrs. Brotherton to that lady's house. There, in the course of another half-hour, we were all at breakfast. But that half-hour the husband and wife had had to themselves, and Mrs. Brotherton and I had been alone, to have our talk out also.

"Now," said I, "what is the meaning of it?"

"Mr. Moore has been in my house just ten days. Lucy knew of his expected arrival through me, and of his safe landing. She, also knew, for I thought it right to tell her, that he was dying. She determined to marry him. And as I think she is right, or at least, that she has a right to have her own way, I have helped her to take the place which she ought to have had long ago."

"Did Mrs. Marmaduke Smith know of Moore being in England?"

"She!" cried Mrs. Brotherton, "she? No! She would have looked Lucy up first. How she has got away from her, I cannot imagine. I thought that I knew all about that."

"And so she marries him, knowing his hopeless state?" I said, musingly.

"Yes; and she is right," replied Mrs. Brotherton, positively. "I think I never knew any one who contrived without disagreeable consequences to be so extraordinarily positive as my new acquaintance."

"I am no judge of that," I said; "but I doubt whether, if I had been in Moore's place, I—"

"Oh! whether you should have been as naturally great, and good, and as well able to judge of a true woman's faith and courage—perhaps not." She fixed her dark eyes on me as if she had found me so undoubtedly guilty, that any attempt at explanation on my part must be worse than useless.

"I was therefore silent; and Mrs. Brotherton went on. "You know they were engaged to each other, and with Mrs. Smith's entire consent. The time, though not the exact day, of the marriage was fixed. And then, for her own wicked gratification, she refused her consent, and parted them."

"Surely they could have married without her consent as well as now?" Mrs. Brotherton appeared to be exasperated by my stupidity. "How could they, when Mr. Moore had nothing but his pay? People must live—now, they can live on the sale of his commission for the few months which must elapse before she is of age. It will be all right before next June—as to money, I mean, *it will be dead*. Anyhow, his only chance of life will be in his having a good nurse like Lucy."

"What made Mrs. Marmaduke Smith change her mind?"

"Oh! I am ashamed to tell you—a ridiculous creature—a mad simpleton. I can't bear that woman. I can never forgive her ruining that darling girl's life." And Mrs. Brotherton quite groaned; she had evidently as much bitterness in her heart as a not really ill-natured woman could carry, and a good deal more than she had words at hand to express.

Here the servant announced breakfast; and I said, as I conducted Mrs. Brotherton through the passage—"By what accident was poor Moore reduced to this?" And she, scarcely waiting to hear me finish my sentence, said, scornfully, "Accident! stuff; a tiger!" On which the door was opened, and I could see no more.

But not to keep my readers in unnecessary suspense, I may here tell what I heard afterwards of Charlie Moore's heroism. It was, shortly, this—he had got crushed in the jaws of a "man-eater."

When once a tiger has tasted of human flesh, there really seems to be a fascination in it for the savage beast. As it was in this case, the tiger will return, and return again for his human victim, and in his death is the only safety. Three unsuccessful attempts had been made, and Charlie Moore had entered into the deadly pursuit with all a true man's courage. The pursuit of a savage beast who has taken the lives of our fellow-creatures—in this instance those of a boy, two young women, and a child—is something quite out of the region of sport. It is a call on the strong to defend the weak—to risk life in order to save life, and to encounter the danger is no longer merely an excitement, it is elevated into a duty. Charlie had organized the party who had relieved the panic-stricken people of their foe, and his ball had given the death-wound; but the tiger had pursued him, fallen on him, crushed him in his dying jaws, and pinned him to the earth by the weight of his dead carcass. It was only when the rest of the party returned, that Charlie was found, to every one's glad surprise, still alive. And when Mrs. Brotherton said, "Stuff! a tiger," I knew quite as much of what had happened as there was any need to know at that moment, and so walked in with her to the breakfast-room.

"How do you do, Mr. Grant?" she said to a stranger sitting by Charlie and Lucy. "I did not know you were here." I then perceived that this was the same person who had come with Bellamy into the vestry-room, and helped Charlie to his crutch.

"I am only this moment arrived," he said. "Mr. Moore asked me to have an interview with Captain Mantering, and this hour is my only leisure one." Then turning to Lucy, he said, "I am very glad to see how well Mr. Moore has borne the motion of the carriage. You may indulge in good hopes, now, I am sure. He has suffered



"I CANNOT MOVE WITHOUT HELP, OR I WOULD NOT RECEIVE YOU THUS."

enough to kill most men of average strength, I think better of him to-day than I have ever done yet."

"But this 'man-eater's' attack must have been months ago," I said, looking at Mr. Grant.

"Ah!" said Charlie, who was sitting up, seemingly quite comfortable in an easy chair, with his spring crutch by his side—"ah! but, by my clumsiness and incapacity, I got a severe fall on board ship, and our friend here has had to pull me to pieces and put me together again. I am a beautiful work of art now; and I am going to travel to Wiesbaden on that excellent invention upon which you saw me taking my ease this morning."

Then I fancied that a glance from Charlie suggested that I should speak to Mr. Grant at a distant window, and there I retired, in a minute or two, that Charlie's real danger lay in the crushing of the chest and collar-bone having injured the lungs. "We have the winter before us, I see but little hope," said Mr. Grant. "As to his other injuries—though this accident on board ship has given him a great deal to go through, he has undergone everything so well, that, with his perfect constitution, and his wife's care, there need be no fear. He will have a stiff shoulder all his life." Saying which, Mr. Grant walked back to the table, and took leave of Lucy, calling her "Mrs. Moore" for the first time in my hearing, with a few kindly-spoken words, expressing a desire that she would call upon him any moment, night or day, without hesitation, whenever she wished to do so—it came from him with a friendliness that evidently pleased them both, and Lucy gave him her hand with a radiant smile of thankfulness.

"I have told my husband," said Lucy, "how good you have been, Captain Mantering. How you trusted me in the midst of so much mystification. How I made you run away with me—or how you let me run away with you, I can't tell which, and it is of no manner of consequence. If he had not behaved better than you did, Mr. Moore, I should never have been allowed to leave the house; for I never could have overcome Mrs. Marmaduke. She let me go with him so willingly, yet so sadly, poor dear! I declare I think she repented. I believe she will be glad when she knows that I am married to you."

Charlie laughed. "Very likely," he said; "you know she did like me at first. There is no harm in playing Mrs. Marmaduke this trick; the wonder to me is that you did not deceive Mantering."

"Not a bit," said Lucy. "He said at once that there was a mystery, and he agreed—not quite at once, but when he saw I was miserable—to help me. He was so good a man that I trusted him—and I was so in earnest, and so unhappy, that he trusted me, and was here enough to promise to see me safe to the end, whatever it might be."

"I should have told him the whole truth," said Charlie.

"And then he would have had scruples, and hesitated, and I should have had to run away by myself, and there would have been a fuss and a scandal; toll, torment, and poverty. Now, it is all easy, natural, and straight. Oh, Charlie! I could not have got away without Mrs. Marmaduke's knowledge; somehow, it was not in me to do it. But when she gave me leave to run away with him, then it was easy. And she was so interested about settlements; only, I do not know quite what you would like to do about the money."

"What money?"

"Why, on Sunday afternoon she wrote to Mr. Jones, the lawyer, and joint trustee with her, to say she approved of a hasty marriage. I was going to contract, and that she gave up everything to me at once. And so, dear Charlie, my whole fortune, I suppose, is now yours."

Moore looked at me aghast. We were all silent for a moment—then,

"Mantering, bring me my writing-case," said Charlie. His face was white. Lucy was frightened and grew pale also. But I knew what he meant to do, and seated myself by his side with pen, ink, and paper at once.

"Lucy, my dear wife," he said, "you have been told the whole truth as to my illness. If I were to die to-day—and the extent of injury to my lungs nobody quite knows—I should simply rob you. So I must make a will." Then he dictated a few words by which everything was given to Mrs. Moore, and Mrs. Brotherton and I signed it.

"And now, Captain Mantering, will you go back to your mother's house, and tell Aunt Marmaduke all that we have done—"

"And say that any settlements she chooses to suggest I will make," said Charlie. "No!" cried Lucy. "It is all good, honest Lorimer money, and she ought not to have anything to do with it. It is mine." But Charlie, smiling, put his hand before her pretty

mouth. "Mantering will do right for us," he said; and I consented.

Immediately, with my watch and a time table, I began to arrange my return. I announced that I must go almost directly, and then Lucy said that she had messages to send, and that she and Mrs. Brotherton must speak to me alone. We therefore left Charlie Moore and went into the adjoining room. When there, how she thanked me!

"He is married, and he is rich," she said; "and if you had not humored me, and trusted me—we owe it all to you. I cannot tell how to thank you enough. His life shall be saved now, God helping me," she cried. "And will you write to India?" she went on. "The officers of his regiment gave him a smart purse, quite full of gold—in fact, to pay for Bolla's services, and get him safely home. How can I thank them? Poor Charlie! without a penny beyond his pay. How good of them to behave like brothers to him, and to me!" She sat down and wept like a child, quite melted by this goodness from men whom she had never seen.

"And have you no questions to ask?" she said, when her tears were spent.

"Yes. I want to know why Mrs. Marmaduke dismissed Mr. Moore."

Her face brightened, and, with the drops hanging in her eyelashes, her whole countenance flashed with amusement. "Oh! I can smile at it now," she gasped. "She sent him off, she locked me up—she—"

"Tell me quickly," I said. "Because he would not—oh, oh!" And then she turned away laughing or crying, I could not tell which.

"Because," said Mrs. Brotherton, loudly, "because—a stupid, conceited, detestable woman—because he would not be kissed! There, Captain Mantering! If you wish to know, you do know. For no other reason in the world. I can't bear that woman. She ought to be shut up; a horror!"

The face of calm intelligence that Lucy turned to me on this announcement was a caution and a confirmation in one.

"Have you no other question to ask?" she almost whispered, coming close to my side. "No." "Not any inquiry after Lizzie Smith's faceache?" "Why?" "Because," whispering, "if you had seen her, you might—almost must—have loved her; and then I should never have escaped from Mrs. Marmaduke's captivity. She knew my secret. I kept her out of sight." Then, taking my hand—"She is the best girl in the world. Now, please to forgive me for everything."

I forgave her; and I bade her good-bye. In an hour's time I was travelling back as fast as I could go.

I found the horse and carriage waiting for me, and with willing speed I got to my own home safely.

I walked into the drawing-room.

"My dear Alfred! But where is Lucy?" cried my mother.

"I left her at Mrs. Brotherton's."

"Ah! I thought that to town and back would be a longer day's work than she could encounter. I am sorry she sent back Smithson," said my mother.

I looked at Mrs. Marmaduke. She got up, after a few hasty words of welcome, and left the room. In a minute, under pretence of changing my dress, I followed her. I went straight to her dressing-room door and knocked. "It is I—may I come in?"

She opened the door, and let me in, with a scared face. I sat down by the open window, where the soft summer air was playing gently. "Mrs. Smith," I said, "Lucy married Charlie Moore this morning, and I gave her away."

She leaned back in her chair as pale as death, and almost as still. I was actually frightened. But I went on. "There is not a better man in the service. There are few cleverer men in the world. You know he is a man of extraordinary talent; he is a poor death-stricken creature now; he has been half-killed by a tiger. They made a subscription at the mess and paid for a servant to get him home. He was carried to the church—he stood on crutches. They are going out of England directly. And now, I went on, 'you must let me say the only thing that I intend to say—it is a hard burden to lay for life on such a brilliant little butterfly as Lucy. They love each other very much. But you should not have done it, Mrs. Smith.' 'If you don't get them to forgive me,' she said, 'I shall break my heart and die.'

I declare I could not help forgiving the poor woman, she was so evidently sincere. We did not say much about what had happened in the family, for my dear tender-hearted mother was horror-struck by Mrs. Marmaduke's conduct, and wished to get her out of the house; but Julia had grown very fond of Lizzie Smith, and did not like to part with her.

In the meantime Mrs. Marmaduke had more than once written to Lucy, but she had got no answer; at last a note came from Mrs.

Brotherton advising Mrs. Smith, with considerable asperity, to write no more. Mr. and Mrs. Moore, having persuaded Mr. Grant to go with them, were, she hoped, safe at Wiesbaden, and would stay there till—if he died—(darkly scored under were those words) they moved for the winter to Nice.

Upon this Mrs. Marmaduke took to her bed, and was laid up in our house, under medical treatment, for six weeks; during which time my acquaintance with Lizzie Smith so far progressed that I, one day, told her what Lucy had said as to the necessity I should have felt under to fall in love with her had I seen her on her first arrival.

"Ah!" she said, quietly, "so like Lucy; but I don't think that—"

"Well, then, I do," I answered.

And so it is that Lizzie is my wife at this present writing; and Mrs. Marmaduke, when she died—and her death was generally reported to be in consequence of an ungrateful relative's conduct—left Lizzie all she possessed.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore live in London. Faithful Mrs. Brotherton guards Lucy's happiness with a watch-dog's bark; always angry with anything that may, even by the remotest possibility, interfere with it. We visit the Moores in London, and they come to us in the country; he is a fine, very handsome, pale-complexioned man, with a stiff shoulder joint, and a cough—but "not a killing cough, at all," says Mr. Grant. Lucy plays with two beautiful boys, Charlie and Alfred, and they are all very happy together—so happy, that I one day said to her—"Would you have been happier, I wonder, if you and your husband had been married when you were first engaged to each other?" On which she lifted up a very quiet face—opened eyes and wondering, with a most dazzling, malicious sort of beauty—"Would it have been better?" I repeated.

"Better than perfect? I never was very clever you know, Captain Mantering—and I don't understand it."

With this declaration from our beautiful Lucy, the record of my "difficult circumstances" may be considered at an end.

## TO-MORROW.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

The setting sun, with dying beam,  
Had waked the purple hills to fire;  
And citadels, and domes, and spires,  
Were gilded by the far-off gleam.

And in and out dark pine-trees crept  
Full many a slender line of gold;  
And kissed it as it onward rolled,  
And sunlight linger'd, loth to go.

Ah, well! it causeth sorrow  
To part from those we love below,  
And yet the sun as bright shall glow  
To-morrow.

The tide was ebbing on the strand,  
And stooping low its silver crest  
To crimson sea-weed laid at rest  
Upon the amber-ribbed sand.

Dash'd o'er the rocks and on the shore,  
Flung parting wreaths of pearly spray,  
Then fled away. Yet turned once more,  
And sent a sigh across the bay.

As though it could not bear to go,  
Ah, well! it causeth sorrow  
To part from those we love below,  
Yet hitherward the tide shall flow  
To-morrow.

Two hearts had met to say farewell,  
At even when the sun went down;  
Each life-sound from the busy town  
Smote sadly as a passing bell.

One whisper'd, "Parting is sweet pain,  
At morn and eve returns the tide;"  
And still they linger'd side by side—  
And still they linger'd, loth to go.

Ah, well! it causeth sorrow  
To part from those we love below,  
For shall we ever meet or no  
To-morrow?

177 Speaking about the bed quilts of many colors and innumerable pieces which take prizes at agricultural fairs, "Aunt Lucy" says, in the Rural New Yorker, "I have lived forty-six years and brought up six children, and have never yet found time to buy calico and cut it up into little pieces, half an inch square, for the purpose of sewing them together again, just to see how many I could make of it."

178 Josh Billings writes that "Philosophers all agree that the milk is put into the koker nut, and then the hole is neatly plugged up, but who the fellow is who does it, the philosophers are honest enough, for a wonder, to admit they can't tell."

## THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN THE FIELD.

The duty confided to Moonshine by General Cardenas was not difficult to carry out. The track of the Mexicans was easily marked on the ground, and the hunter reported that the bargain the general had proposed to him was merely a pretext, and that in reality he wished to keep him by his side, in order to punish him if he had laid a trap for the Spaniards. Still the couple continued to gallop side by side, talking pleasantly and apparently well satisfied with each other. The day was splendid, the sky blue, and the sun dazzling; the leaves, washed by the rain, were greener and dew-laden; the night storm had refreshed the atmosphere, and the hot sunbeams incessantly drawing out the moisture, made the earth smoke like the mouth of a crater; the birds twittered beneath the foliage, the squirrels leapt from branch to branch, and at times elks and antelopes, awakened by the sound of the horses, rose amid the lofty grass, looked around them timidly, and then bounded off in all directions. Men and horses unconsciously underwent the influence of the scene; they eagerly inhaled the air impregnated with the sharp scent of flowers and plants, and felt happy at living.

"On my honor," said the general, "give me the country. It is pleasant to breathe the fresh air, when you have been confined within stone walls for several days."

"Yes, you are right, general," the Canadian answered, joyously; "life is splendid in the desert; existence in town is ridiculous. Men were great asses for inventing them, and restricting their horizon, when they had space and liberty before them. Deuce take towns. The handsome house is not worth the blade of grass that shelters the grasshopper we can hear singing so merrily."

"You seem to love the desert, Senor Moonshine?"

"I, general? why I was born in it. My father was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company as trapper. My mother brought me into the world on the shore of one of our magnificent Canadian lakes. My eyes first opened beneath the majestic variant arcades of a virgin forest. The first horizon I gazed at was surrounded by chains of mountains whose haughty crests no human foot has yet trodden. Oh! general, how glorious it is to live in the desert without ties of any sort, to feel your heart beat freely in your bosom, to inspire through every pore the fragrant exhalations of the savannah. Alone with your horse, with no regrets for the past or care for the future, you feel that you live, and you unconsciously become a better man, because you are nearer to God whose sublime book ever lies open before you. Such an existence is the only true one, the only possible for a stout-hearted man; the other is only a continual slavery, an incessant restraint which withers ideas, dulls the intellect, and converts man, such as God created him into a badly organized machine, a quarrelsome and wicked creature, who goes to his grave pale, sickly, and discontented."

"By Jove! that is what I call enthusiasm, my boy," the general said, laughing. "Unfortunately, all this is only good in theory. What would become of civilization if everybody followed your example?"

"Oh, yes," the hunter exclaimed, with a disdainful smile, "that's the great word, 'civilization'—that is to say, slavery; brutalization of the masses for the advantage of ambitious and insatiable minorities; an association of bandits decorated with pompous titles and sounding names, among whom strength represents the law, and who answer arguments by guns, prisons, and bullets; where everything is paid for, life as well as death, and even the very vitiated atmosphere, breathed in muddy, narrow streets, and low, stifling houses. Deuce take civilization and the rogues who invented it for their own profit! Civilization is the plague and cause of all the diseases that afflict humanity. I'll have none of it."

The general listened to the hunter with increasing surprise. The nervous blunt language involuntarily seduced him. It was the first time he found himself in the presence of one of those woodrangers who, impatient of control, have resolutely broken with the life of society. He could not understand this strange nature, so contrary to those he had hitherto encountered in life.

While conversing thus the general and the Canadian reached the ford where Rotaven was to have escaped that morning. The column halted for a moment; for about two leagues on the other side of the river ran a chain of lofty, wooded mountains, while an enormous barranca yawned in the centre of this range, and formed a narrow defile—the only place by which the Spanish troops could pass to continue their march. The general examined with growing anxiety the gloomy landscape spread out before him. All around was silent and desolate. In vain did the general survey the plain through his telescope; he could see nothing but trees growing very close together, through which it seemed almost impossible to force a passage. The canon or barranca began just opposite the ford, and there was no doubt but that the Mexican army had followed that, the sole practicable road, for the traces of its passage were deeply marked in the ground. The general frowned, and looked suspiciously at the hunter; the latter, who had fallen behind to tighten his girths, went up to him.

"I understand—" he said to him.

"What do you understand?"

"Why, that you suspect me, general."

"And suppose I did, what then?"

"You would be wrong."

"Why so?"

"For a hundred reasons."

"Tell me one of them."

"For what purpose should I have led you into a trap?"

"To betray me, viva Cristo! if, as I suppose, you belong to the Mexican army."

"I do belong to that army," the hunter replied coolly; "but what does that prove?"

"What it proves?" the general exclaimed furiously, "that you are a spy, and that I shall have you shot."

"That is not answering, general, but knocking a man down."

"Be it so; recommend your soul to God."

"A man like myself is ever ready to appear before Him. Could you say the same?"

The general stamped his foot furiously.

"But give me a reason, at least," he said.

"I did give you one; but you would not accept it."

"Seek another."

"Well, if you wish to argue the matter, I



an quite agreeable," the hunter, who still quiet, calm, and straightforward, continued. "What has occurred between us? I informed you that the Mexicans had abandoned their camp, leaving their train behind. Was that false? No; it was true, and I told you nothing else. You resolved to set out in pursuit of the insurgents, and instead of urging you on to do so, I recommended you to remain at Cohahuila. Is that like a traitor? I do not think so. You insisted on my following you, and I obeyed. My part was entirely restricted to that, I think you will allow, general? Now that you find yourself in front of a defile in which you are afraid of being attacked, you turn upon me. Is that fair? I fancy that if you are really afraid of falling into an ambush, there is one very easy thing to do."

"What is it?"

"Why, turn back and reach Cohahuila again as quickly as possible; if the Mexicans wished to lay a trap for you, they will be caught in it themselves, as they leave their guns and ammunition in your hands."

The general reflected.

"What would you do in my place?" he asked.

"Well, I will be frank with you, general. We men of the desert regard courage in a manner diametrically opposite to yours. As we generally fight only to save our life or our plunder, we never venture on an action unless we have almost a certainty of success."

"Hence, under the present circumstances—"

"I should turn back without shame, and be off to Cohahuila at the same pace at which I started, that is, a gallop; that is what I should do. I can understand that you would act differently."

"Ah!" the general said, giving him a piercing glance, "for what reason?"

"Nonsense, general, you are making fun of me; for you know as well as I do. Come, have me shot, and let us have an end of it."

"I shall not have you shot," he answered; "for, traitor or no, you have spoken to me like an honest man. Go where you please; you are free."

The Canadian felt involuntarily affected by this remark.

"Thanks, general. Now take my advice, and do not push on."

"Does danger really exist?"

"I cannot tell you; still I confess that I have a bad opinion of that black, large hole I see over there; it seems to me to contain a storm."

"Yes, I feel that I ought to follow your advice, but unhappily I cannot do so. The troops of the king, my master, must not appear to recoil before such miserable foes; for it would be giving those scoundrels an importance which they do not possess."

"You know better than I how you should act; but I repeat, take care."

"Oh, be sure of that. Well, good-bye; get away before the action begins."

"Well, then, thank you, and good-bye, general—I dare not wish you good luck."

The Canadian turned his horse and started at a gallop in the direction of Cohahuila.

The general looked after him till he was hidden by a turn in the road.

"What a singular man!" he muttered; "if he is a spy I never saw one like him."

It was high time, however, to come to some resolution, and so the general summoned his officers around him.

"Caballeros," he said bluntly, when they were assembled, "I am afraid that we acted very imprudently in venturing to pursue the enemy with so small a force as we have at our disposal. Although I do not wish to throw any of my responsibility as chief upon you, still I deem it urgent to take your advice before crossing this stream, beyond which, as you can see from here, is a canon, which, if I am not mistaken, contains a formidable ambushade. Answer me frankly, which shall we do? Push boldly on, at the risk of what may happen; or quietly turn back and regain our entrenchments?"

The officers were mostly of opinion that they must march forward at all risks. The effect of a retreat made almost in the presence of the enemy might have as disastrous an influence upon the prestige that surrounded the Spanish army as a battle lost. All these brave soldiers were ashamed at appearing to fly before an invisible enemy, for as yet only vague suspicions were entertained, which might be false, more especially as the plain continued to be deserted, and nothing of a dubious nature had been perceived.

"Very well, caballeros," the general said, with a bow to his officers, "we will march on; if fate betrays our courage, we will fall like brave men. Long live Spain!"

"Long live Spain!" the officers repeated enthusiastically.

"Captain Don Luis Obregón, take two hundred horse, and make a reconnaissance in the canon; be very prudent, and do not venture too far. Don Pedro Castilla will hold himself in readiness to support you with five hundred cavalry; should it be necessary, the rest of the army will not cross the stream till your return. Go at once."

The two officers selected by the general immediately prepared to obey; the troops, leaving the infantry they carried with the main body crossed the ford, and galloped into the plain. The general gave orders for the troops to be drawn up in a column, in order to lose as little time as possible in passing, and, opening his telescope, he attentively followed the movements of the two detachments he had sent on ahead.

The second body, commanded by Captain Castilla, halted about halfway between the stream and the canon, ready to act on the first alarm. Captain Obregón boldly pushed on, sending a few troopers ahead as scouts, while others scattered on either side the main body, and examined the thickets. The detachment advanced thus almost into the entrance of the defile, and nothing suspicious occurred. On reaching this point the captain ordered a halt.

"My lads," he said to his soldiers, "if the enemy is really in there, it is unnecessary for us all foolishly to enter the wolf's throat; a few men of good will are enough. Who will follow me?"

The soldiers remained motionless and silent.

"What?" the captain exclaimed, with a frown, "does not a man offer to follow me?"

"It is not that, captain," an old sergeant replied, roughly; "you know very well that we are all of good will and ready to follow you to purgatory; choose yourself the men you will take with you."

"Very good," the captain said, gayly, as he pointed out five or six troopers. They at once quitted the ranks, and placed themselves behind the captain. The latter, after

temporarily entrusting the command of the detachment to his lieutenant, with strict orders not to enter the defile, whatever might happen, but, on the contrary, to fall back on the reserve if he did not return, boldly entered the canon, followed by his weak escort. Several minutes elapsed, and then a discharge was suddenly heard, and two riders on horseback galloped back into the plain.

"The captain! let us save the captain!" the dragons shouted, as they waved their sabres frantically.

And without listening to the remonstrances of their lieutenant, who tried in vain to hold them back, they dashed irregularly into the defile. The officer finding his efforts useless, bravely placed himself at their head. Then the sound of a regular combat and a well sustained musketry fire was audible.

"Let us support our brothers!" Captain Castilla exclaimed, drawing his sword.

"Forward, forward!" the soldiers yelled.

The second detachment, starting at a gallop, in its turn was engulfed in this accursed defile, which, like the mouth of the infernal regions, swallowed up everything, but gave nothing back. The general, as we said, was attentively watching the movements of his scouts.

"The unhappy men!" he exclaimed, on seeing what was going on, "the maniacs! they will be killed to the last man. Come back, come back, I command you," he shouted, without reflecting that the troops he thus addressed were too far off to hear or obey him, and that had they by chance heard, they would not have obeyed him, owing to the frenzy which seemed to have suddenly assailed them.

The soldiers remaining on the river bank also saw, not what was going on in the defile, but on the plain; they began muttering at the inactivity to which their chief condemned them, and brandished their weapons with a fury which only required an excuse to break out.

"Shall we let our brothers be butchered?" an old officer asked, biting his moustache passionately.

"Silence, caballero," the general answered savagely; "had they obeyed my orders, this would not have occurred."

"But the misfortune is done at present, general; we must not desert seven hundred men in that way."

"Look, look," the soldiers exclaimed, on perceiving several horsemen issue from the defile vigorously pursued by others, who speedily caught up to them and sabred them.

This last episode raised the exasperation of the troops to the highest pitch, a species of insanity seized on them, and refusing to listen to anything, many of them forced their horses into the river.

"Stop, stop!" the general shouted in a voice of thunder, "since you absolutely insist on marching to an inevitable butchery, let me at least guide you."

The soldiers recognizing, in spite of their excitement, the voice they had so long been accustomed to obey, halted instinctively. Then the general restored order among them as far as was possible, and the ford was crossed rapidly and in a manner that did not endanger the position of the army. On reaching the plain the infantry dismounted and formed; the general arranged them so that they should support the cavalry, and drew his sword, whose blade flashed in the sun.

"I throw away the scabbard," he shouted in a voice heard by all; "forward! for the king and for Spain!"

"Long live Spain!" the soldiers shouted.

The Spanish army then rushed like an avalanche into the defile, whence the noise of the invisible combat could still be heard.

## CHAPTER XL.

### A YOUNG HEART.

Oliver Clay, when he left the Hacienda del Rio, was not mistaken in saying to Count de Melchor that he was afraid Don Melchor would commit some folly; the hunter's foreboding was destined to be realized even sooner than he thought. The young man, whose mind was made up beforehand, did not wish to argue with his two friends; but, satisfied with the information the hunter had given him, impatiently awaited the moment when he should be alone, in order to carry out the plan he had formed. This plan, of an audacity that trembled almost on insanity, he had been careful not to let the count or the Canadian suspect, as he felt sure they would oppose it with all their might.

Don Melchor, brought up on the Indian border, accustomed from his earliest youth to scour the woods in all directions in the pursuit of Indians or wild beasts, was habituated to desert life and thoroughly conversant with Red Skin habits; hence, he had no doubt he would be able to get to the prisoners. Hence, as soon as the count and Oliver had left the hacienda, the young man made his preparations; that is to say, he carefully inspected his fire-arms, placed provisions in his alforras, and mounted his horse. It was about four in the afternoon.

The great gate of the hacienda was open; hence he went out the more easily, because being merely regarded as a guest of the count, no one had received orders to impede his movements or prevent him doing what he thought proper. The young man slowly descended the mountain; at the moment when he reached the plain, the sound of a galloping horse made him turn round. Diego Lopez was coming towards him at full speed, and Don Melchor waited for him.

"Viva Dios!" the worthy man exclaimed, "where on earth are you going, Don Melchor?"

The young man looked at him haughtily.

"Am I your master's prisoner?" he replied, dryly.

"Not at all, señor," the poon said, with the greatest politeness.

"In that case, by what right do you ask me such a question? Am I not at liberty to do what I please?"

"I do not say the contrary."

"If that is the case, what do you want with me?"

"Caballero, I beg you not to take in ill part what I am so free as to say to you. The Señor Conde feels a very lively interest in you; before leaving the hacienda, he ordered me to pay the greatest attention to you."

"Admitted."

"On seeing you mount your horse at so advanced an hour, and take provisions with you, I assumed that it was your intention to leave the hacienda."

"Your assumption was correct. What then?"

"Very good. You are at liberty to do so. I have no right to control your actions; but be kind enough to inform me where you are going, in order that I may tell my master."

"For what object?"

"I am merely obeying the orders I received, señor. I am but a servant;" and he added, with a marked stress on the words, "perhaps it is as well for your own sake that my master should know where you are going."

The young gentleman reflected for a moment.

"Forgive me, Diego Lopez," he said, presently, "the rather rough way in which I received you. I did wrong to set them, for you are a worthy man. Tell your master that I am resolved to try and save Dona Emilia and her daughter, and that is why I quitted his hospitable roof."

The poon shook his head sadly.

"Alone, señor?" he said; "take care."

"Heaven will aid me, my friend."

"I have no right to prevent you, I have no wish to do so, but if I may be permitted to make a remark?"

"Speak!"

"I would tell you that this plan is insane, that you are rushing to your destruction, and that you are attempting an expedition in which you will perish, perhaps without seeing the persons for whom you devote yourself."

"Yes, that is true," the young man answered sadly. "What you say to me I have said to myself, but my destiny carries me away. I must accomplish this sacrifice, while knowing that I am committing an act of madness; I will carry it through to the end."

"I have neither the strength nor the courage to blame you, señor, I can only pity you; put your trust in heaven. As for me, I shall go to my master and tell him what you are doing at this moment. If we do not succeed in saving you, at least we will avenge you, and if I may believe my foreboding, the vengeance will be terrible."

"Go, my friend; go, and thank you. Tell your master how truly grateful I am to him for all that he has done for me, but that finally carries me away, and that I would sooner die than suffer from the grief which is devouring me. I wish to know the fate of the two unhappy prisoners, and, no matter what may happen, I will know it."

"May heaven protect you, señor! You are well acquainted with the Red Skins; perhaps by acting prudently you may foil their vigilance, although it is almost impossible. But," he added with a species of forced resolution, "what is the use of arguing longer. Perhaps your plan will succeed, through the very fact of its insanity. Children and lovers are privileged."

The young man blushed, and dug his spurs into the flanks of his horse, which started at a gallop. The poon looked after him, sorrowfully shaking his head several times.

"Well, good-bye, Don Melchor," he said, "I repeat, may God protect you, for He alone can save you."

The young man scarce heard him. The poon's voice struck his ear, but he did not understand the sense of his words. He waved his hand in farewell and disappeared in the tall grass that overgrew the banks of the stream. Diego Lopez remained motionless for an instant.

"Poor boy!" he murmured, "he has a noble heart; a soul full of devotion; but what can he do? He is lost; death clutches him already, his hand is spread out over him. Let me go and warn the Señor Conde," he added, repressing a sympathetic sigh.

And loosening his bridle he galloped off in the direction of the Hacienda del Barrio.

Don Melchor, through the frequent excursions he had made in carrying out Dona Emilia's monomania for vengeance, had a thorough knowledge of the country for thirty or forty leagues round; several times accident had led him to the vicinity of the teocalli, where the ladies were now held in captivity, and hence he was well aware of the exact position of this strange monument, the sole vestige of the ancient civilization of the Indians.

While himself thoroughly convinced of the madness of his attempt in favor of the prisoners, he had drawn up his plans with the greatest prudence, ready to sacrifice his life, but not wishing to leave anything to chance, while unconsciously retaining in his heart a last glance of hope, that divine spark which is never completely extinguished in the human heart, and allows man a glimpse of success even in the most senseless undertakings.

So soon as Diego Lopez parted from him, Don Melchor checked the speed of his horse in order not to reach the ford of the Rio Grande del Norte till sunset. He was obliged to travel by night, for, as the Indians are in their encampments at that period, the young man would have nothing to fear from their vengeance, and incurred no risk but that of meeting wild beasts, a trifling danger for an experienced hunter. Besides, so far as it was possible to calculate distances, Don Melchor believed himself only seven or eight leagues distant from the teocalli. By galloping in a straight line, he would there be only have a two hours' ride to make in a country which he had frequently traversed, and which was perfectly familiar to him.

We have already stated, on several occasions, that in hot countries there is no twilight, and that when the sun has set night arrives almost without transition. The young man had so well calculated, that he was a gunshot from the ford at the moment when the sun disappeared on the horizon in a glory of purple and gold. In spite of the complete absence of twilight, there is, however, a charming moment in American evenings. It is the one when, after night has quite set in, you witness the sudden awakening of the denizens of the darkness; when the night breeze agitates the majestic tops of the trees, and the wild beasts, leaving their lairs, bay the moon with their guttural notes, which are repeated in every way by the echoes of the ravines. The traveller, involuntarily affected by a vague respect at the sight of this immensity which he cannot comprehend, feels himself weak and palsy.

Don Melchor crossed the ford without obstacle, and then dashed at full speed into the desert, cutting through the tall grass in a straight line. For two hours he galloped in the pale light of the stars, with his hand on his weapons, and ready for any event. On coming within about two musket-shots of the teocalli he stopped, dismounted, and taking his horse by the bridle, led it into a thicket, where, after hobbling it, he fastened up its nostrils to prevent it neighing. Then thrusting his pistols in his belt, he seized his rifle, and proceeded toward the teocalli, muttering in a suppressed voice one sentence, which completely represented the thought that impelled him to act as he was doing—

"I am evened by graces to me!"

The night was calm and serene; the stars sparkled in a deep blue sky, and spread a

gentle light, which allowed him to distinguish the diversity of the landscape for a long distance. A velled silence, if we may employ the expression, reigned over the prairie, where no other sound was audible save that produced by the incessant murmuring of the infinitely little creatures nesting beneath every blade of grass, and carrying on their laborious task under the ever open eye of the Creator. At times the distant echo bore down on the breeze the snapping bark of the coyote, or the hoarse roar of the jaguars at the watering-place.

Don Melchor advanced firmly and resolutely, having sacrificed his life beforehand, but determined only to succumb in an unequal struggle of one against a host. We fancy that we said in one of our previous chapters that the teocalli in which the prisoners were detained stood in the middle of a plain, for a great distance round which the trees had been cut down. At the moment when the young man was preparing to emerge from the covert, and asked himself how he should manage to reach the mountain unseen, he perceived an Indian sentry leaning motionless against a smush and on the watch.

Don Melchor stopped, for the situation was a critical one. The moon profusely shed its pale and pallid beams upon this man, whose appearance had at a certain distance something gloomy and threatening about it. A cry uttered by this sentry would ruin Don Melchor. After a few seconds' hesitation his resolution was formed. Unlocking his gun, which might go off without his will, he lay down on the ground, and began crawling on his hands and knees in the direction of the sentry, before whom he must infallibly pass.

Any one who has not been in the situation of our hero could not form an idea of it. Don Melchor was at this moment playing a terrible game. It was to him a question of life and death; the fall of a leaf, the breaking of a branch was sufficient to settle it. The hurried beating of his heart terrified him, and he took half an hour in proceeding a distance of twenty paces. At length, on coming close to the sentry, he suddenly rose behind him, and plunged his dagger straight into his neck, at the very spot where the head is attached to the spine. The Red Skin fell like a log, without uttering a cry or even giving a sigh.

The young man at once understanding the importance to himself of a disguise, in order to cross the clearing round the teocalli, stripped the Indian of his clothes, put them on himself, and, after dragging the corpse a few paces, in order that it might not be found immediately, he hid it under a pile of dry leaves. Then, assuming the calm and grave step of Indian warriors, the young man boldly quitted the shelter of the covert, and advanced slowly toward the teocalli, now ready for all events, and keeping his finger on the trigger of his gun, which he laid carelessly on his shoulder.

Numerous watch-fires burnt round the teocalli; the Indians, wrapped up in their buffalo hides, blankets, or sarapes, were sleeping peacefully, trusting to the vigilance of the sentry. Don Melchor walked right through the camp, unmolested. At times, as he passed, an Indian turned towards him, half opened his eyes, and then fell back on the ground again, muttering a few unintelligible words. The young man's heart beat as if going to burst his breast; the emotion he felt was so powerful that, on reaching the first steps of the teocalli, he was involuntarily constrained to stop. Still, sustained by the feeling of the sacred mission he had taken on himself, he succeeded, by a supreme effort, in overcoming his emotion, and continued his walk.

No one opposed his passage. The Indians guard themselves badly. Under present circumstances, they could not suppose that a single man would enter their camp, and succeed in deceiving their sentries. This confidence caused the security of the bold young man, and once he reached the teocalli, almost entirely insured his security.

I forget who said that mad enterprises are those which succeed the best owing to their extravagance, and this paradoxical remark is far truer than a person might be disposed to believe it. Don Melchor's plan of thus introducing himself alone into the presence of the prisoners, a project of wild boldness, succeeded entirely on account of its impossibility.

When the young man reached the top of the teocalli he stopped, for he must discover the place where the prisoners were confined. He looked searchingly around him. The moon allowed him to distinguish clearly the smallest objects. Several Indians were lying round a smouldering fire, but Don Melchor's eyes did not dwell on them, he was examining the most obscure corner of the buildings that stood on the platform. His eye was caught by a man lying across a doorway, closed by a wickerwork frame; he gave a violent start, for the prisoners were behind that door. Stepping boldly over the deeper, he went up to it. At that moment he reached the Indian the latter rose before him, and set the sharp point of his lance against his chest.

"What does my brother want?" he asked in a guttural voice.

Don Melchor was not troubled. In spite of his internal emotion, his face remained calm and stoical.

"Good," he said in Comanche, a language which he spoke perfectly. "My brother was asleep. Is that the way in which he watches his prisoners?"

"The Opossum is not asleep," the Indian said haughtily. "He knows the importance of the duty entrusted to him."

"If he was not asleep, how is it that he is ignorant the hour has arrived when I am to take his place?" the young man continued.

"Is it so late? I have not heard the hoot of the owl."

"Yet it has been sounded twice. Good, my brother is tired; let him go and sleep, while I watch in his stead."

The Indian had no reason to doubt what Don Melchor said to him. Besides, he was really desirous of sleep, and was not sorry to catch up a few hours' rest. Hence he made no remark, but quietly surrendered his post, and five minutes later was lying by the side of his comrades fast asleep.

This last alarm had been serious, although Don Melchor had bravely gone through with it. Still his agitation was so great, that partly to regain his coolness, he remained quiet for nearly a quarter of an hour before he ventured to enter the prisoner's room. At length he did so. Dona Emilia, seated in a corner, was holding her daughter's head on her lap.

"Who's there?" she asked, with a sudden start.

"A friend," the young man answered in a low voice.

Dona Diana sprang up.

"Don Melchor!" she cried.

"Silence!" he said, "silence, in heaven's name."

"Oh! I was certain he would come!" the young lady continued, as she walked towards him.

"Thanks, Melchor," Dona Emilia said, as she offered him her hand. "Thank you for coming; however terrible my situation may be, your presence here is an immense consolation."

"Have you come to deliver us, Melchor?" the maiden continued.

"Yes," he answered simply, "such is my object; and believe me, señorita, all that a man can do, I will."

"What," Dona Emilia asked, "are you alone?"

"Alas, yes; but what matter?"

Dona Diana fell back on her bed.

"Flight is impossible," she murmured with despair.

"Why so?" the young man continued boldly; "have I not contrived to get in here alone?"

She shook her head sadly.

"Yes," she said; "but you were alone."

Don Melchor sighed, for he understood the meaning of the remark.

"Why despair?" Dona Emilia exclaimed, starting up impetuously. "We are three now. The Indians tremble at the sight of me, and we shall succeed in escaping."

"Mother, mother," the girl said entreatingly, "dismiss that thought. Alas! flight is impossible, as you know well. Melchor is as well aware of it as we are."

The young man hung his head.

"If I cannot save you, señorita," he answered, "I can die with you."

"Die with us!" she exclaimed impetuously. "Oh no, that must not be, I insist."

"It was my hope in coming here," he said.

"Very good, Melchor," Dona Emilia said; "but cease to fear for us. The Indians will not dare, I feel firmly convinced, to make an attack on our lives, in spite of their frightful threats."

"Mother, undecieve yourself, our death is resolved. It is close at hand, for the conditions offered us compel us to die."

"That is true," Dona Emilia murmured despondingly. "Great God, what is to be done?"

"Fly," Don Melchor exclaimed boldly.

"No," the young lady continued, "the plan is impracticable, and it would be madness to dwell on it. If you have reached us by a miracle, it is impossible for you to convey us through the Indian camp and pass the sentries unseen. It would be precipitating our death instead of checking it."

"It is well, señorita," Don Melchor said, leaning his shoulder against the wall. "Since you refuse to attempt to fly, I shall come back to my first resolution."

"What is it?"

"To die with you."

The young lady took a step forward, and turned to Dona Emilia.

"Do you hear, mother?" she exclaimed in agony. "Do you hear what Don Melchor says? I will not have him die. Order him to go away!"

"Why should I order him?" Dona Emilia coldly replied. "Don Melchor has ever been devoted to us. He has come to die with us, and neither you nor I have the right to prevent him."

"I must, I tell you, I must."

"And why so, my child?"

"Why?" she repeated, wild with grief. "Because, mother, I love him, and will not have him die!"

Dona Emilia stood for a moment as if annihilated by the sudden revelation of this love, which she suspected, though unwilling to believe in it. A reaction took place in her, and she laid her hand on the young man's arm.

"Go, Don Melchor," she said in a gentle voice, half choked by sobs. "My daughter loves you, and will not have you die."

"Thanks, thanks, mother!" the maiden exclaimed, as she fell into her arms, and hid her face in her bosom.

"Oh, let me, let me die with you!" Don Melchor said, clasping his hands imploringly.

"No," Dona Emilia repeated, "you must leave us."

"The night is getting on; I implore you, Melchor, to be gone!" the maiden exclaimed.

The young man hesitated, and a violent combat took place in his heart.

"It is your wish," he muttered, with hesitation.

"In the name of our love, I command you!"



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## RED JACKET AXES.

FRED TOWN, O., Nov. 2, '98.

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jan17-11

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

## A Good Farm.

In the village of — lived a man who had once been a judge of the county, and well known all over it by the name of Judge R—. He kept a store and a saw-mill, and was always sure to have the best of the bargain on his side, by which he had gained an ample fortune; and some did not hesitate to call him the biggest rascal in the world. He was very conceited withal, and used to brag of his business capacity whenever any one was near to listen. One rainy day, as quite a number were seated round the stove, he began, as usual, to tell of his great bargains, and at last wound up with the expression—

"Nobody has ever cheated me, nor they can't neither."

"Judge," said an old man of the company, "I've cheated you more than you ever did me."

"How so?" said the judge.

"If you'll promise you won't go to law about it, nor do anything, I'll tell you, or else I won't; you are too much of a law character for me."

"Let's hear," cried half a dozen voices at once.

"I'll promise," said the judge, "and trust in the bargain if you have."

"Well, do you remember the wagon you robbed me of?"

"I never robbed you of a wagon; I only got the best of the bargain," said the judge.

"Well, I made up my mind to have it back, and—"

"You never did," interrupted the cute judge.

"Yes, I did, and interest, too."

"How so?" thundered the now enraged judge.

"Well, you see, judge, I sold you one day a very nice pine log, and bargained with you for a lot more. Well, that log I stole off your pile down by the mill the night before, and the next day I sold it to you. The next night I drew it back home, and sold it to you the next day; and so I kept it on till you had bought your own log of me twenty-seven times."

"That's a lie!" exclaimed the infuriated judge, running to his book and examining his log account; "you never sold me twenty-seven logs of the same measurement!"

"I know it," said the vender in logic; "by drawing it back and forth the end wore off, and as it was I kept cutting the end off, until it was only ten feet long—just fourteen feet shorter than it was the first time I brought it—and when it got so short I drew it home and worked it up into shingles, and the next week you bought the shingles, and I concluded I had got the worth of my wagon back, and stowed away in my pocket-book."

The exclamation of the judge was drowned in the shout of the bystanders, and the log-drawer found the door without the promised treat.

## A Plantation Preacher.

The following is a story told by the Bishop of Tennessee at the recent Church Congress, as showing the education of a plantation preacher. He said—

I was visiting a plantation, and the bell was rung, and the negroes, numbering five hundred, gathered in the parlors and piazzas of the house, belonging, unfortunately for himself, to a bachelor. After reading a chapter to them I preached, and said that I would hold a service the next day to baptize such as should be presented. I baptized between seventy and eighty, and after service, I fell in with "Uncle Tony," a plantation preacher. I asked him about various Christian doctrines, and finally said—

"And what about the resurrection?"

"With a very solemn face he replied,

"You see, master, intiment is intiment."

"Yes."

"Well, you see dere is a spiritual body, and its body made out of dust."

"Yes."

"Well, you see, when the Angel Gabriel comes down from Heben, and join' up and down the river Jordan, a blow'n of his trumpet, and the birds of Heben singin', and bells of Heben ringin', and the milk and the honey rainin' down on all the hills of Heben, he will bring the spiritual body wid him down from Heben, and take dis here body out of de dust, and take the intiment and rub it on, den stick dem together—and dar dey is."

## Logic.

A man who was up to a thing or two once offered to bet that he could prove that this side of the river was the other side. His challenge was soon accepted, and a bet of ten dollars made; when, pointing to the opposite shore of the river, he shrewdly asked—

"Is not that one side of the river?"

"Yes," was the immediate answer.

"Agreed," said the man, "and is not this the other side?"

"Yes," said the other.

"Then," said the man, "pay me my ten dollars, for by your own confession I have proved that this side of the river is the other side."

The dumb-founded antagonist overcame by this profound logic, immediately paid the money.

## Minders in Speaking.

It is often very amusing to see what mistakes a clergyman will make in giving out notices, or in extemporaneous speaking. Thus, a distinguished bishop, on the occasion of a great marriage, when his church was crowded and noisy, the mass being impatient, and the greater portion standing upon the seats and backs of pews, in his desperation exclaimed: "Will the people remember that this is God's house? Be pleased to sit down on the floor, and put your feet upon the seats." The uproar that followed these words was perfectly fearful, and the uncomprehending bishop fell back into his chair, feeling that he had been grossly insulted in his own cathedral.

An Englishman proposes to overcome monitors with vessels armed with fire engines, which will throw water into the port-holes and wet the powder and into the smoke stack and put out the fire, when the "intrepid tars" will "board the helpless log" and take it into port. He proposes thus to "put an end to maritime warfare."

A Houston swell offered to allow a photographer to retain a copy of his portrait as compensation for taking his picture.



## CUTTING HIM SHORT.

HAIR-DRESSER.—"We can highly recommend this—"

GRIM CUSTOMER.—"Your commission's about five cents on that rubbish, isn't it?"

HAIR-DRESSER (taken aback).—"Yes, sir."

CUSTOMER.—"Then hold your tongue, and finish cutting my hair, and I'll see if I've got any pennies!"

## BY THE SOUNDING SEA.

I sit as in a dream, and hear, and see,  
With senses lulled away,  
And what the ocean says or sings to me  
I strive in vain to say.

Something there is beneath that constant moan  
That utterance seeks in vain;  
Like some dim memory, some hidden tone,  
That, helpless, haunts the brain.

But all my thoughts, like sea-weed, swing  
And sway,  
The sport of fantasy;  
And visions pass before me far away,  
Like vessels out at sea—

Pass through my mind with an ideal freight,  
And softly move along—  
A sweet procession without care or weight,  
Like disembodied song.

## The "Mansard" Roof.

People who have recently had occasion to visit the leading cities of this country, will have noticed the extent to which the style of roof called the "Mansard" roof is gaining ground. New houses are very generally supplied with this roof, and the roofs of old buildings are being demolished to be replaced by it. This roof—variously known by the titles of "Crib" roof, "French" roof, and "Mansard" roof—was the invention of a celebrated French architect of the name of Francois Mansard, who was born in Paris in 1598. It has undergone many modifications since. The original form as first introduced was generally one story, but occasionally of two or three stories in height. In the latter case the upper stories in it were constantly lower in proportion ascending towards the peak of the roof; and the windows were small dormers, not much better than loop-holes, meant for a glimmering light in, and the ventilation of stowage chambers or mere lofts. The lower story, in the roof, that is, the first story above the main body of the structure, was always equal to and quite as desirable as either of those immediately beneath it. The form and construction of these old French roofs are always such as to secure a plumb or perpendicular wall within the rooms, with a very trifling loss of space, the inclination from a vertical line, in the entire altitude of a story, being scarcely more than the thickness of the walls.

This ancient style of the Mansard roof has been improved and modified to the point of combining great architectural beauty, externally, with economy of space and neatness of finish internally. Departing from the original idea of an additional range of rooms with horizontal ceilings and walls of plaster, this roof is now frequently carried up in the same material as forms the walls, with highly finished balustrades, etc. The smaller windows are oval and sometimes round, with exterior loop-holes for ornament. The chimney-stacks, carried up to a considerable height, are usually a marked feature of the Parisian modern Mansard roof. Slate is commonly employed for the covering, with tin for all gutters and weathering. Balustrades, as elsewhere mentioned, are seldom omitted in these roofs by the French. This, one of the most salient and indispensable characteristics, is entirely overlooked in most of the Mansard roofs in this country. —*American Architect.*

## Sidewalk Etiquette.

Only persons with old ideas any longer contend that ladies shall always be given the inside of the pavement in passing. The rule adopted in cities is to turn to the right, whether the right leads to the wall or to the gutter, and an observance of this common-sense rule would obviate much unpleasant "scrouging" by over-gallant gentlemen who persistently crowd for the outside of the walk.

Another common custom not required by fashionable etiquette, and one which is nearly as inexplicable and absurd as the practice of a whole string of men filing out of a church pew, making themselves as ridiculous as an "awkward squad" practising at "catching step," in order to give a woman the wrong end of the pew, is that of a man, when on a promenade or walk with a lady, to keep himself on the outside of the pavement. A little exercise of judgment will convince any person of the utter uselessness of this bobbing back and forth at every corner. The common rule is this: "If a man and woman are walking, she should always be at his right arm, whether

it be towards the inside or outside of the walk; then the woman will not be shoved against the pavers." Others hold however, that the lady always should be on the gentleman's left in the streets, in order to allow him the free use of his right hand.

## The Influence of Newspapers.

A school teacher, who has been engaged for a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes as follows:—

I have found it to be the universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes, and of all ages, who have access to newspapers at home, when compared to those who have not, are

1. Better readers, excellent in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires of others, as the newspaper has made them acquainted with the location of the important places of nations, their governments and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians; for, having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspapers, from the commonplace advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and constantly analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and more connectedly expressed.

6. Those young men who have for years been readers of the newspapers are always taking the lead in the debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness.

## Different Kinds of Matches.

Some one classes marriages under three heads: Love matches, money matches, and last leg matches. The love match is nearly obsolete in high life, clothes and a fine establishment being now the chief end of woman. The money match is now the joy of matrons and fathers, and has come very generally to be the ambition of young maidens who are not too much impregnated with romantic notions. The last leg match on the part of a man is that which is consummated between an old bachelor and some penniless damsel whom he chooses to nurse his weakness and soothe his gout, and who is able to be very affectionate to him because she knows she won't have to do it long. The last leg match on the part of a woman is that between a young lady of thirty-five or thereabouts, who has passed a great many courtships unscathed, and who finally becomes panic-stricken lest she should never marry, and so lavishes herself on the first antiquated masculine who thereafter bids for her hand.

There is another kind of match, which is better than all or either of the above—the Sensible Love Match. Love and Good Sense are the foundations of these matches. The parties love well, and love wisely, those who are worthy of love. And marry when Prudence says it is prudent and wise to marry; but a sure means of a sufficient and comfortable support is. For no matter how much two persons may love each other, marriage demands a reasonable and regular supply of money to maintain itself.

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their own history. The plant and the pebble go attended by their own shadows. The rock leaves its scratches on the mountain side; the river its bed in the soil; the animal leaves its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sepulchre in the sand or stone; not a footprint in the snow or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting, the way of its march; every act of man inscribes its memory on its fellows and his own face. The air is full of sound, the sky of tokens; and the globe is all memoranda, signatures, and every object is covered with hints which speak to the intelligent.

All mankind are happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Watering Horses.

Horses should never be kept so long without water that they will drink largely when they get it. Give it to them often, and they will never injure themselves with it. Nothing is more common than to hitch a team to a plough, and make them work half a day without a drop. What man would submit to such treatment? If the plough is started at seven in the morning, water should be given again before ten, and again in the afternoon by four o'clock. Even if half an hour is thus consumed, more work will be done in a day. The objection that horses on the road should not be "loaded with water" is not valid. A horse weighing 1,200 pounds will not be much encumbered additionally by twenty pounds of water, while the distension will give him additional strength. Every farmer knows that when he himself undertakes to lift a large log or heavy stone, he can do more by first inflating himself with air, and not unfrequently he loses a button or two from his pantaloons in the operation. Some degree of inflation by water will add to a horse's strength in a similar manner. In driving a horse on the road at a natural gait of nine or ten miles an hour, I have frequently had occasion to observe that he was laboring with perspiration until I let him drink freely, when he ceased to sweat and evidently travelled more freely. Don't be afraid to give your horse water; the danger is in making them abstain too long, in which case, care is needed.—*Acres in Country Gentleman.*

## Defend the Weak Cattle.

Some farmers are not as careful as their true interests require them to be in separating weak stock from the strong and aggressive when the season of storms and feeding comes round. In most herds embracing any considerable number, will be found some animals diminutive in size and timid in proportion to their physical weakness, which the more vigorous attack whenever a modest effort is made to share in the food supplied. They are hooked here and chased there by the strong, and should enlist the care and sympathy of their owner. It will pay well to provide a separate enclosure for such animals till sufficiently developed to hold their own, at feeding time, or till they are rendered fit to be disposed of in some other way to advantage. If left to shirk for themselves they will be likely to go under before spring, or should they winter through they will be in a condition so exhausted as to render them next to valueless for that season.

## Cutting Timber to Last.

Mr. Skinner, an experienced farmer of Herkimer county, N. Y., recently stated before the Little Falls Farmers' Club that he always cut timber when he was frozen, in order that it might last a long time without decay. He was aware that other seasons of the year were recommended. He had tried all seasons and with a number of varieties of wood, and no timber lasted so well as that cut in winter when the timber was frozen. He said a hemlock stick used as a stringer for bridges would last longer when the bark was left on. He had observed it often, and gave as a reason that the bark kept the wood moist. He thought the best timber for sills, or for building purposes, was red elm; next in order was oak, white elm and red beach. For pins, the raves of wood sheds, and bolsters to wagons, there was no timber he preferred to red elm.

## The Best Firewood.

Some years ago, Mr. Marcus Bull published the result of his experiments with wood of different kinds. He found rough-bark hickory the best, and five per cent. superior to pig-nut. White oak and white ash stand next. One reason of the difference in woods is in their power of yielding coals and a coal surface. Soft woods, as pine and chestnut, give few coals, or none. Mr. Bull found swamp-maple, chestnut, and pine one-half as valuable as hickory and rock birch. There is a great difference in the oaks. Red and black are worth twenty-five per cent. less than white oak. Of green wood, the best is ash. Next is hickory and the aromatic black birch, the most charming fuel ever laid on a pair of fire dogs.

## RECEIPTS.

BEEF A LA MEXICAINE.—Take about twenty rather small onions, brown them in a frying-pan with a little butter, and when they have taken a bright color, sprinkle over them a little flour or some bread-crumbs. Remove the onions to a stewpan, taking care not to break them. Add a teaspoonful of broth, the piece of beef whole, a sufficient seasoning of salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and a bouquet of sweet herbs. Let the whole simmer over a slow fire for about two hours. Serve the beef on a dish, and arrange the onions round it.

A SAVORY CHICKEN PIE.—Choose three spring chickens, taking care that they are tender, and not too large; draw them, and season them with pounded mace, pepper, and salt, and put a large lump of fresh butter into each of them. Lay them in a pie-dish with the breasts upwards, and lay at the top of each two thin slices of bacon; these will give them a pleasant flavor. Boil four eggs hard, cut them into pieces, which lay about and among the chickens; also a few mushrooms. Pour a pint of good gravy into the dish, cover it with a rich puff paste, and bake in a moderate oven.

RECIPE FOR MUTTON HAMS.—This recipe is for a ham of 20 lb. or 25 lb.; 2 oz. black pepper, 2 oz. salt, 1 lb. coarse sugar, 2 1/2 lb. of salt. The day but one after killing, mix the pepper, salt, and sugar, and rub well into every part of the ham only once and for ten minutes; then cover the ham with the salt, lay it upon a flat dish, or deep stone trough, for three weeks or a month; baste it with the brine every day. When the ham is taken out, dip it in cold water before you hang it up to dry.—*H. H. W.*

TO MAKE YEAST DUMPLINGS.—Take from two to three pounds of dough prepared from the best flour. Add as much yeast to it as when worked in with the hand will give it a good light sponge. Let it stand before a gentle fire until it is sufficiently risen. Then subdivide the mass into as many dumplings as may be required; turn them round in your hand extremely light, and carefully drop them into a saucepan or copper of scalding water; let them boil for twenty minutes, when they will be done. When brought to table, let them be served up with a sauce composed of butter melted in milk, with jam or jelly introduced into it.

## THE RIDDLES.

## Middle.

My lot is in health, but not in life.  
My 3d is in husband, but not in wife.  
My 3d is in lament, but not in cry.  
My 4th is in expert, as well as in spy.  
My 5th is in lovely, and also in good.  
My 6th is in nourishment, but not in food.  
My 7th is in farthing, but not in penny.  
My whole is a visitor welcome to many.  
W. A. PERKINS.

South Cedar, Kansas.

## Middle.

I am composed of four letters.  
Behold me, and I speak of the present.  
Again omit and I signify indebtedness.  
My 4, 3, 2, expresses success.  
My 1, 3, 4, is an animal.  
My 3, 4, 2, marks possession.  
My 1, 3, 2, is a male.  
My whole is something pure and beautiful, and belongs to the present season.  
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

## Problem.

There are three numbers in Geometrical Progression whose continued product is 216, and the sum of their cubes is 1971. Required—the numbers.  
W. H. MORROW.

Irean Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

## Probability Problem.

A bag contains 5 apples. A boy takes an apple out of the bag, and then puts it back again; he does this 5 times. Required—the probability that the boy has had every one of the apples in his hand.  
ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

## Mathematical Problem.

An open vessel in shape of an inverted circular cone is set upon its point, measures in altitudinal height 14 inches, and its open wide end above 8 inches in diameter. Now, if a sphere of 10 inches in diameter is placed on top of the said open tapering vessel, sinking partly into it, namely, to the depth the aperture will allow, how much empty space will yet remain in said tapering conical vessel?  
DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kraterville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

## Conundrums.

☞ Why is a sick eagle flying like a bank robber? Ans.—Because it's an ill-eagle proceeding.  
☞ When a man runs for office, what kind of a sweetheart does he become? Ans.—A candidate.  
☞ When is a dandy buried alive? Ans.—When there's a swell in the ground.  
☞ If I were in the sun and you out of it, what would the sun become? Ans.—Sin.

## Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. METAGRAM.—Pine. (Nine, The Muses, Pone, Pike, Pink.)

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Oct. 31st.—103 voted for A and B; 47 voted for A and C, and 17 voted for B and C.—Artemas Martin, F. M. Priest, J. N. Siders, J. Scott and T. Wilson. A and F 177, A and C 47, and B and C 17 votes.—J. M. Greenwood.

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date.—A receives \$18 and B \$6.—W. H. Morrow, T. Wilson, J. Scott, S. S. Knox, J. N. Siders. A \$14, B \$10.—J. M. Greenwood. A \$120, B \$40.—F. M. Priest.

Answers to W. T. Stonebraker's QUERY of same date.—There cannot be an end of prime numbers. Supposing there could, let  $p$  be the last prime, and let  $N$  denote the product of all the prime numbers, 2, 3, 5, 7, . . . &c., up to  $p$ . Every number is either a prime or divisible by a prime; but  $N+1$  is not divisible by 2, 3, 5, 7, . . . or  $p$ , since it leaves a remainder of 1 in every case. Hence  $N+1$  is a prime, which is necessarily greater than  $p$ , the greatest prime number, which is absurd. Therefore prime numbers do not cease to exist at any point, however remote. A. Martin, J. M. Greenwood and Francis M. Priest.

There is no point or limit in numbers, beyond which no prime number can be found; or in other words, no assignable prime number is the greatest prime possible. This may be demonstrated thus:

Every whole number is either a prime number, or a multiple of a prime number; and every multiple of a prime number is divisible by a prime number. Therefore every number, which is not divisible by any prime number, is itself a prime number. Now if there be no prime numbers beyond a certain limit, let  $n$  represent the greatest possible prime number; and multiply  $n$ , continually, by all the prime numbers less than itself. Let the product of this continual multiplication be represented by  $m$ . Then,  $m$  must be divisible by every possible prime number; and, therefore,  $m+1$  can be divided by no prime number whatever without a remainder of 1.  $m+1$  is, therefore, a prime number, and it is much greater than  $n$ , which, by hypothesis, is the greatest possible prime number. Hence, the supposition that any assignable prime number is the greatest prime possible, involves an absurdity, and is, therefore, untrue. J. Scott.

ORANGE TART.—Grate the peel of one orange, and put the juice with it, (keeping away the pips,) also the juice and peel of half a lemon, quarter of a pound of sugar, two ounces of butter, carefully melted, two eggs, leaving out one of the whites; beat them well together, and having filed a tart-tin with thin paste, fill it with the mixture, and bake it a quarter of an hour, or a little more if requisite.

TO DRIVE RATS AWAY.—An Iowa farmer states that, being troubled with rats, he caught one and poured kerosene oil on it, then let it go. The result was the rats left for parts unknown, and have not been heard from since. The experiment is worth a trial.

At Lynn, Mass., a school teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next, an Irish child, who answered loudly, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "Law," said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so grand about it; he wasn't an Irishman."